THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER Based on the characters of EDGAR P. JACOBS

JOSÉ-LOUIS BOCQUET • JEAN-LUC FROMENTAL
ANTOINE AUBIN

EIGHT HOURS IN BERLIN

9th CINEBOOK
The 9th Art Publisher

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SCRIPT: JOSÉ-LOUIS BOCQUET & JEAN-LUC FROMENTAL
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9th CINEBOOK
The 9th Art Publisher

In memory of my father, Michel Bocquet, who introduced
me to *Blake & Mortimer.*
JOSÉ-LOUIS BOCQUET

To Jean Maurel, Jean Topart, and Yves Brainville, whose audio
adaptation of *The Yellow M* (Disques Festival, 1957) made me understand
early how strong and beautiful E.P. Jacobs's writing is.
JEAN-LUC FROMENTAL

My thanks to Colin, my invaluable assistant, for his crucial help,
as well as to Iouri Jigounov for all his resource material.
ANTOINE AUBIN

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THE URALS, SPRING 1963. ON A SITE BELIEVED TO BE THAT OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF ARKAIM, BUILT AT THE FOOT OF THE IRENDYK RIDGE 18 CENTURIES BEFORE OUR ERA, AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION HAS SET UP CAMP. AT THE BEHEST OF SOVIET CULTURAL AUTHORITIES, A HANDFUL OF SCIENTISTS AND WORKERS LABOUR TIRELESSLY TO UNEARTH THE REMAINS OF THE LEGENDARY SETTLEMENT, AFTER THE FIRST TRACES OF ITS EXISTENCE WERE REVEALED SIX YEARS BEFORE BY MILITARY CARTOGRAPHERS ...

UP AT DAWN, LEADER OF THE ARKAIM PROJECT OLGA MANDELSTAM IS PUTTING THE FINAL TOUCH TO HER DAILY REPORT. THIS WORLD-RENOWNED ARCHAEOLOGIST KNOWS HOW IMPORTANT HER MISSION IS. PROVING THE EXISTENCE OF A SLAVIC CIVILISATION PRIOR TO ANY LATIN ONE IS OF PARAMOUNT IMPORTANCE TO HER SUPERIORS – AND FOR HER, IT IS THE SCIENTIFIC ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME ...

A GAZ-69, THE UBIQUITOUS RUSSIAN 'JEEP', COMES TO A SCREECHING STOP BEFORE HER TENT. HER YOUNG DEPUTY, SERGEY LERMONTOV, JUMPS OUT, VISIBLY AGITATED ...

Dr Mandelstam! Come quickly! The men have found something!

?

PUTTING PEDAL TO THE METAL, THE SPIRITED LERMONTOV DRIVES HIS BOSS TO THE DIG SITE IN MERE MINUTES ...

... BUT, RATHER, CRUDE COFFINS MADE OF SIMPLE PINE PLANKS ...

Well? What are you waiting for? Open one!

CRACK

NO NEED TO BE A VETERAN ARCHAEOLOGIST TO SEE THAT THESE ARE NOT ANCIENT GRAVES ...

A FEW DAYS EARLIER, BERLIN, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. IT HAS BEEN TWO YEARS SINCE THE BRICKLAYERS OF THE GERMAN DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC BEGAN THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN 'ANTI-FASCIST PROTECTION RAMPART'. SPLIT IN TWO BY THE 96 MILES OF THE FORTIFIED DOUBLE WALL, THE OLD REICH CAPITAL HAS BECOME THE EPICENTRE OF A TERRIBLE EAST-WEST CONFRONTATION, A SUPPOSED 'COLD' WAR THAT SEEMS ALL TOO LIKELY TO HEAT UP AT ANY TIME ...

MÖBELHAUS FRANK

BETWEEN 1949 AND 1961, FOUR MILLION EAST GERMANS ESCAPED THEIR ZONE TO SEEK REFUGE IN THE WEST, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WALL WAS BUILT. NOW, CROSSING THE FEW DOZEN YARDS SEPARATING THE TWO HALVES OF THE CITY CAN COST WHOEVER ATTEMPTS IT THEIR LIVES. A FACT THAT EXPLAINS HOW TENSE THE OCCUPANTS ARE OF A MERCEDES PONTON PARKED NEAR THE NO MAN'S LAND ON THE WEST SIDE ...

B-TE 113

OTTO FRUTIGER, HEAD OF THE BERLIN OFFICE OF THE BND – THE WEST GERMAN INTELLIGENCE SERVICE – HAS ALREADY CHAIN-SMOKED SIX OF THE AMERICAN CIGARETTES HE FAVOURS WHEN HIS SWISS WATCH FINALLY MARKS 3:15 AM ...

Es ist Zeit!*

Los!**

OK!

QUIETLY, ALL LIGHTS OFF, A CRANE BEGINS TO MOVE ABOVE A SEEMINGLY ABANDONED CONSTRUCTION SITE ...

SUDDENLY, THE BOOM TURNS UNTIL IT POINTS EAST ...

... A HEAVY METAL SKIP HANGING FROM ITS STEEL CABLE IS LOWERED IN SILENCE AND TOUCHES DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL ...

BONG!

IN THAT MOST CLOSELY WATCHED SPACE ON EARTH, EVEN A SLINKING STRAY DOG WOULDN'T ESCAPE THE VIGILANCE OF THE VOLKSPOLIZEI FOR LONG. SO, IMAGINE A RUNNING MAN ...

SEARCHLIGHTS CONVERGE TOWARDS THE FRANTIC RUNNER AS HARSH VOICES CALL OUT ...

!

ALARM! HALT!

2

*IT'S TIME! **GO!

FROM THE TOPS OF THE WATCHTOWERS, THE VOPOS SEND A HAIL OF BULLETS AT THEIR TARGET. THEY HAVE THE RIGHT TO FIRE WITHOUT WARNING, AND THEIR ORDERS ARE TO SHOOT TO KILL ...

RATATAT RATATATATAT

Halt!

RATATAT RATATATATAT

Ow!

FROZEN IN THE BEAM OF LIGHT LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL, THE FUGITIVE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF BOOTS RUNNING TOWARDS HIM. HE KNOWS THAT BEING CAUGHT ALIVE WILL MEAN HE WILL SOON LONG FOR DEATH ...

THE TERROR OF THIS THOUGHT SENDS A JOLT OF ADRENALINE THROUGH HIM, GIVING HIM THE STRENGTH TO STAND UP AND START RUNNING AGAIN ...

HE DIVES HEAD-FIRST INTO THE SKIP, WHICH RISES IMMEDIATELY ...

RATATAT

CLANG CLACK

THE STEADY HAND OF THE WEST BERLIN CRANE OPERATOR LIFTS HIS CATCH FROM THE EAST SIDE ...

RAT ATATAT TAT

CLANG CLANG

RATATAT TATATAT

BLAM

THE FURIOUS VOPOS KEEP UP THEIR FIRE, BUT THE BULLETS CLANG HARMLESSLY OFF THE THICK METAL OF THE SKIP AS IT COMES DOWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL ...

RAT RATATATATAT RATATAT

CLANG

BAM

Mein Gott!* They got him good!

Werner! Say something! Stay with us!

Doppel ... Doppel-gänger ...

3

*MY GOD!

LONDON. IN THE CONGESTED TRAFFIC OF RUSH HOUR, A JAGUAR MARK 2 MAKES ITS FRUSTRATINGLY SLOW WAY TOWARDS ITS DESTINATION ...

THE DRIVER OF THE JAGUAR DROPS OFF HIS PASSENGER IN FRONT OF 99A PARK LANE – A FAMILIAR ADDRESS. AND WHILE THE HEAD OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY'S COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SERVICE IS GLAD TO COME HOME AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK, HE NONETHELESS LOOKS PREOCCUPIED ...

Come back to pick me up at nine o'clock. I'm expected at the Home Office.

Early dinner tonight, please, Barrett. I have to leave again.

Is Professor Mortimer not back yet?

He's in his room, sir.

By Jove! Where did I leave that blasted camera?

Is this what you're looking for, old chap?

Francis, my friend, you just saved my expedition!

Who would dare say that the absentmindedness of scientists is a myth, hmm?

What expedition is that, by the way?

I leave tomorrow for the Irendyk Mountains. Do you know them?

In the Urals, north of Kazakhstan, on the border between Europe and Asia – and in the heart of the Soviet Empire! Not an easy place to get into.

I received my diplomatic visa this afternoon!

Dinner is served, sirs.

So soon?

This could be your last civilised meal, Philip ...

The invitation came from my old friend Olga Mandelstam. She wants to make use of my skills as a dilettante archaeologist!

You have been the idol of Egyptologists the world over since your exploits at Giza, of course ... but the Urals are far from the Nile ...

We're talking about nothing less than the legendary city of Arkaim! Do you realise it could be twice as old as Kheops's pyramid! It would be an unprecedented archaeological discovery! Being invited to participate in such a dig is a once-in-a-lifetime chance for an amateur such as me.

Weren't our troubles with the KGB in Moscow enough for you, that you already want to go into the lion's den again?

That was five years ago. The world is changing, Francis. Now's a good time to dare.

Archaeology is a peaceful endeavour. Besides, weren't you the one who spoke to me about détente? That direct line that is to be connected between Moscow and Washington? ...

The Red Telephone, yes.

I've always put my money on peace.

In geostrategic terms, nothing is ever certain. Right now, both sides are still pointing their missiles at each other ...

The pudding was delicious, Barrett. Do congratulate Mrs Benson.

Oh, I know her secret. Currants macerated in aged rum. Am I right, Barrett?

Twenty years old, sir.

THE TWO MEN ENJOY THE SERENITY OF THEIR HOME, UNAWARE OF THE DANGERS THAT LIE AHEAD OF THEM AS THIS NEW ADVENTURE BEGINS ...

A strange coincidence, this invitation ... Right at the time our eyes are firmly turned east ...

You sounded downright mysterious just now, old chap!

I can't tell you any more for now, though.

Who would dare say that the secrecy of intelligence agents is a myth?

Your car is here, sir.

Leaving again?

I have an early flight. I'll see you when I get back.

Maybe not. I'm going to be very busy for the next few weeks.

IT'S SIX IN THE MORNING, AND MORTIMER CLIMBS INTO A TAXI FOR HEATHROW. HIS FRIEND FRANCIS DIDN'T COME HOME AT ALL THE PREVIOUS NIGHT ...

DREEMYKREEM DAIRIES

DREEMYKREEM DAIRIES

TOW 117

TWO HOURS LATER, THE DH 106 COMET 4B BEARING THE COLOURS OF BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS TAKES OFF FOR MOSCOW. SEATED INSIDE, PROFESSOR MORTIMER IS ALREADY DREAMING OF LOST CIVILISATIONS ...

G-ALIL

BEA

5

VNUKOVO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, MOSCOW, TWO O'CLOCK THAT AFTERNOON ...

G-ALIL

BEA

МОСКВА

24

СССР

NO SOONER HAS MORTIMER WALKED OFF THE PLANE THAN HE BECOMES THE TARGET OF OVERCONSCIENTIOUS SOVIET BUREAUCRATS ...

Шпион! Шпион!

For goodness' sake! What sort of spy would carry a simple Leica camera?!

Таможня

6A Customs

Besides, this is a diplomatic visa. You're not even supposed to search my luggage at all!

Absolutely correct, Professor Mortimer!

?

Put it back, durak*!

Right away, Colonel.

*IDIOT

Don't hold it against our dedicated customs agents, Professor. Our Motherland has many enemies even today. Constantin Voloshin, head of security ... May I offer you a cup of tea while your luggage is being transferred?

What were you planning on photographing with that fine Leica, Professor? The steppes of the Urals?

I see you're very well informed.

13

Well, it is my job, after all. And I couldn't pass up the chance to meet the hero who thwarted the Voronov Plot.

Ancient history, that. Not to mention far less exciting than the archaeological adventure that awaits me at Arkaim!

The lost city of Arkaim ... How wonderfully romantic! Yes?

The lady's here, Colonel.

Show her in.

Dear Olga!

Hello, Professor Mortimer. Our plane is waiting.

Did that Voloshin try to pry much?

Don't worry, Olga. I know how to handle those KGB types.

Colonel Voloshin isn't KGB. He belongs to the GRU – military intelligence. A different breed altogether ...

NOW ON BOARD AN AEROFLOT ILYUSHIN 14, MORTIMER CONTINUES HIS LONG TRIP TOWARDS SVERDLOVSK, CAPITAL OF THE URALS ...

THERE, AMONG MOSTLY MALE PASSENGERS – BUSINESSMEN, APPARATCHIKS, AND THE ODD UNIFORM – DR MANDELSTAM FINALLY APPEARS TO RELAX ...

It's such a pleasure to see you again after so many years, Philip.

A good thing that overzealous customs agent didn't find this ...

Glasgow, the Aramaic Studies group ... You've kept this old picture?

I treasure it. Old Noah Morgenstern had invited us to his home. Scones and poetry in Christ's own language, remember?

The Song of Songs ... How could I forget? We were so young.

7A

Oh, how the lovely Russian student blushed then ...

... The only one besides you with sufficient mastery of Aramaic to catch the essence of the text. 'Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth – for your love is more delightful than wine.'

?

'Dark am I, yet lovely, daughters of Jerusalem, dark like the tents of Kedar, like the tent curtains of Solomon ...'

'My beloved is to me a sachet of myrrh resting between my breasts ...'

Ha ha! Excellent memory, my dear Olga!

Time is powerless against the years of our youth.

The present isn't too bad either. Tell me about Arkaim and your fascinating discoveries ...

Later, Philip. In this country, even planes have ears.

7

WHEN OLGA AND PHILIP FINALLY SET FOOT IN WHAT WAS ONCE EKATERINBURG, RENAMED SVERDLOVSK AFTER THE REVOLUTION, THEIR TRIP IS STILL NOT OVER – FAR FROM IT.

My assistant, Sergey Lermontov, from Kharkov University.

An honour, Professor!

How do you do?

THEY STILL HAVE OVER 300 MILES OF BAD ROADS TO THEIR DESTINATION, IN THE HEART OF THE STEPPES TO THE SOUTH ...

THE TWO SCIENTISTS TRY THEIR BEST TO CATCH SOME SLEEP DESPITE THE POTHOLES ...

8A

IT IS NOT YET DAWN WHEN THE GAZ-69 ARRIVES AT THE DIG SITE ...

Goodness! Is this an archaeological site or a military camp?!

You'll soon see why all this.

I know you must be exhausted, Philip, but what's waiting for you wasn't part of our program at all ... and since I sent you my invitation, we moved from archaeology to criminology!

Well, now that you have my attention, don't expect me to sleep any time soon!

Vodka?

?

Uh ... I feel it might really be a tad early to—

Philip, please meet my friend Major Mikhail Bunin, Sverdlovsk Criminal Investigations Department.

I'm afraid you're going to need it to face what's coming.

За ваше здоровье!*

8

*TO YOUR HEALTH!

Here, Philip. Put this on.

Night in the Urals doesn't seem so cold to me ...

It's 37 degrees Fahrenheit in the chiller lorry.

OLGA MANDELSTAM FLICKS A SWITCH AND COLD, HARSH LIGHT FLOODS THE TRAILER. WHAT MORTIMER DISCOVERS THEN CHILLS HIM TO THE CORE ...

!?

Lord Almighty?! What is this?!

Certainly not Arkaim mummies, anyway. Our workers dug them up five days ago. A pack of starving wolves had unearthed the coffins.

Only the faces are missing, flayed. Rather unusual, for sure! Did you have a forensic pathologist take a look?

Why not put in a direct call to the Kremlin instead?!

Seven recently dead, all mutilated in the same way ... If word gets out, this dig is over.

9A

Fortunately, my old friend Mikhail was put in charge of the case, and he has enough clout to keep the authorities at bay – for a while.

What's your opinion, then? A serial murderer in the Urals?

My opinion is that you should have grabbed a shovel and put those bodies back where you found them, Olga.

When you step into a minefield, you don't start dancing like a drunken Cossack!

Then you could have gone and looked at some old stones with your friend, before he went back to comfortable England.

Mikhail, you know we can't simply ignore something this horrible!

9

All the warmth and charm of a Siberian bear, your friend ...

Mikhail is a veteran of the Red Army and a hero of Stalingrad. He was in the same platoon as my brother Dimitri. Even saved his life.

He's seen and experienced too many horrible things ... Lost his faith in the State. When that devil Stalin died—

Not so loud, Olga. Who knows whether chiller lorries have ears too?

Seven corpses. All males, all Caucasian, judging by their skin ... Did you notice? They also appear to be of the same height and weight.

That's not all they have in common.

See? All of them sport two tiny puncture marks at the base of the skull ...

When I found them, I thought of you!

Me? Goodness, why?

Julius Kranz, of course!

Kranz?

The German doctor who recommended using electrosurgical manipulation to treat schizophrenia and personality disorders ...

Kranz, Kranz ... Hmm ... Any Kocher's forceps available?

I remember Kranz because you disproved his ideas in a brilliant article in *Nature*.

Oh, right. I remember now ... My research on Septimus's work had led me to believe that Kranz's purely theoretical demonstrations were altogether woolly ...

I'm convinced what we're seeing here is the operating procedure laid out by Kranz. Someone played with those poor souls' brains!

Hellllllo! What have we here?

AFTER A FEW HOURS OF WELL-DESERVED REST ON A CAMP BED MORE TIRED THAN HE, MORTIMER IS NOW SIPPING THE LIQUID HE WAS ASSURED IS TEA WHEN A PECULIAR SIGHT CATCHES HIS EYE ...

?

OLGA APPEARS ENGAGED IN AN ALTERCATION WITH A GROUP OF WORKERS, THE WORDS EXCHANGED UNFRIENDLY ...

The men can't take any more, tovarish*!

What's going on?

*COMRADE

The workers are too tightly wound. They've been confined to the camp for five days, with no outside contact ...

Enough! Obey your orders!

Are you still here, Englishman?

I'm afraid you'll have to wait a little longer. Is there a hospital nearby, Major?

Did you catch a cold?

11A

I found this, in the cranium of body number 5. This metal fragment might have come from an electrode.

Neurocerebral manipulation. Most likely on the hippocampus of each man.

Hippocampus?

A part of the limbic system believed to be the seat of personality ...

As if some mad neurosurgeon had attempted to put the theories of that Kranz I told you about into practice.

This electrode indicates that the procedure required an operating room, thus explaining the question I now return to: do you know if there is a hospital or similar medical establishment nearby?

The workers mentioned a sanatorium in the mountains. Unless it was a mental institution? I'm not sure ...

Is that so, Major?

Officially, no.

What Mikhail means is that this could be one of those places where a certain type of mental patient was once treated – political deviants. But such places are gone, now.

Don't you think a police search might be warranted, Major?

Professor, please explain how I can search a place that doesn't exist ...

11

AT THAT MOMENT, FAR FROM THE URALS, A VICKERS VISCOUNT OF THE BOAC FROM LONDON BEGINS ITS DESCENT TOWARDS THE GENEVA-COINTRIN AIRPORT. CLEAR WEATHER, EXTERNAL TEMPERATURE 63 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT ...

BOAC

G-AMIG

OUTSIDE THE TERMINAL, TWO PLAINCLOTHES AGENTS OF THE US ARMY SECURITY AGENCY ARE WAITING FOR CAPTAIN BLAKE WHO, ALSO FOR THE SAKE OF DISCRETION, IS WEARING A SIMPLE SAVILLE ROW SUIT ...

That must be our guy.

GE-51143

CHEVROLET

THE TWO MEN WASTE NO WORDS AND, HAVING USHERED BLAKE INSIDE THEIR CHEVROLET, TAKE OFF AT SPEED TOWARDS THE SHORES OF LAKE GENEVA ...

CDGE 351-03

12A

Let's hurry, sir. You're the last one.

VEVEY

Welcome aboard, Captain Blake. Mark Rand, CIA.

Was meeting here the Agency's idea?

Oh, no. That was an initiative of General Carver, our host. You know the ASA's motto: Semper Vigilis. Always vigilant – and even more rigorous than we are about security.

Security is the theme of our reunion, isn't it?

Does it warrant sailing in circles aboard this old tub, though? ... Anyway. Allow me to introduce our esteemed colleagues ...

Commissioner Pradier, of the SDECE*.

Hello, Blake. Did you leave domestic security too, then? Are you MI6 now?

Only temporarily, old chap. Seconded by the Home Office. Nice to see you again, Pradier.

Herr Doktor Otto Frutiger, of the West German BND.

Sehr erfreut*, Mr Blake.

General Carver is expecting us in the lounge.

12

*FRANCE'S EXTERNAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY FROM 1944 TO 1982

*DELIGHTED

Gentlemen, welcome aboard the Vevey. We're here to discuss the last details of Operation Prince.

VEVEY

I don't need to go back over the stakes and risks. In this file you will find the programme of those eight hours that will count among the most crucial in history.

The decision has been made ... Regardless of sector and the power in charge, your teams will always be paired with one of mine ...

... and my men will have authority.

I'll stop seeing them once they're all gone, Commissioner. The French weakness for Marxism is known far and wide. It's why you lost Algeria and why you left us Indochina in the sorry state it's in.

I must protest this breach of the London Protocol. Everyone in charge of their zones. The way you keep seeing Communists everywhere even in the middle of a détente is rather insulting—

UNITED STATES ARMY SECURITY AGENCY CLASSIFIED

UNITED STATES ARMY SECURITY AGENCY CLASSIFIED PRINCE

13A

What are the German Police to do in your programme?

They will direct traffic and manage crowds.

I'll remind you that we are the host nation ...

... and you're asking your guests to bring the appetisers! Must I remind you of the Berlin Blockade in '48? If not for our planes, your population would have starved, and you'd have traded in the freedom we gave you for a crust of Soviet bread.

What about you, Captain Blake? What is the British position on the plans for Operation Prince?

The usual ... 'Wait and see'.

DURING A WELCOME BREAK IN THE TENSE MEETING, BLAKE IS APPROACHED BY HIS GERMAN COUNTERPART ...

Thank you for calming things down back there, Captain. The New World too often ignores the manners of the old one. Now, there's something I need to talk to you about ...

I'm listening, Herr Doktor.

Plotting time's over, gents. We've got work to do.

Allow me to drive you back to Geneva tonight.

13

AFTER A LONG DAY OF BITTER NEGOTIATING THAT NONETHELESS CONCLUDES WITH EVERY AMERICAN PROPOSAL BEING ADOPTED, THE VEVEY DEPOSITS ITS PASSENGERS ON A DISCREET DOCK ...

You're staying at the Hotel Cornavin, aren't you? I'll drop you off.

Thank you.

I may be wrong here, but I didn't want to reveal what I'm about to tell you at the meeting ...

Does it have anything to do with Operation Prince?

BE 8162

CD

Honestly, I have no idea ... but I don't trust that Carver. He's a fanatic. Heaven knows what he'd have done with the information ...

Why me, then?

I know your reputation, and I trust you. So, here it is: a few days ago, my most important agent in East Berlin was shot going over the Wall. He died in my arms.

Goodness!

14A

Werner Scheibling was a high-ranking Stasi* officer attached to the Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung, the Main Directorate for Reconnaissance. He worked in close collaboration with the Soviet services, especially the GRU. He'd been my most reliable source since 1948.

We were also old friends, ever since childhood.

The war?

BE 8162

We both learnt our trade under Gehlen**.

Since the partition, Scheibling had been our best-placed mole. For him to take the chance of burning his bridges by jumping the Wall means he must have come across some vital information he couldn't send over the usual channels ...

What was that information?

He died before he could tell me.

What do you want from me, Herr Frutiger?

Help from your services. You have more presence in East Berlin than the Americans. I want to know why Werner Scheibling died.

7431-TL 75

Now! Floor it!

14

*STATE SECURITY SERVICE – THE INFAMOUS INTELLIGENCE AND SECRET POLICE SERVICE OF THE EAST GERMAN REPUBLIC
**REINHARD GEHLEN, SPYMASTER OF THE WEHRMACHT, TURNED HIS INTELLIGENCE FILES OVER TO THE AMERICANS IN 1945 AND BECAME THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE WEST GERMAN INTELLIGENCE SERVICES.

UNAWARE OF THE DANGER, THE TWO MEN CONTINUE THEIR CONVERSATION ...

He said just one word before he died ... Doppelgänger ...

Doppelgänger?

BE 8162

DRIVING AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE DRIVER OF A CITROËN DS OVERTAKES THE BMW. OUT THE OPEN WINDOW, THE OMINOUS MOUTH OF AN AUTOMATIC WEAPON APPEARS ...

7431-TL75

RATATATATAT

EEEEEEE

BE 8162

BE8162

15A

COMING TO THE SURFACE, BLAKE LOOKS FOR FRUTIGER, BUT THE GERMAN HASN'T FOLLOWED ...

TAKING A DEEP BREATH, HE DIVES AGAIN. EVERY SECOND COUNTS ...

... BUT ONCE ON THE BANK, BLAKE IS FORCED TO FACE THE FACTS. HIS COMPANION HAS BEEN KILLED INSTANTLY BY THE SHORT BURST. FRUTIGER WAS THE TARGET – BUT WHY? TO PREVENT HIM FROM REVEALING A SECRET HE NEVER KNEW? IT IS NOW UP TO THE ENGLISHMAN TO LOOK FOR THE TRUTH ...

15

THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN HAS ONLY BEGUN SHOWING WHEN A VEHICLE, ITS HEADLIGHTS OFF, LEAVES THE STILL-SLEEPING ARKAIM CAMP ...

LATER, WELL INTO THE MORNING, MAJOR BUNIN SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO THE TENT THAT SERVES AS THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS' OFFICE ...

Olga and the Englishman—where are they?

They drove off before dawn ...

... to look for that sanatorium we discussed.

I knew it! Those fools!

BUNIN DOESN'T EVEN WAIT TO GET OUTSIDE THE CAMP'S LIMITS TO GUN THE ENGINE, AS HE KNOWS HE'S RACING AGAINST TIME ...

235 СВ

16A

Tell me, tovarish ... We're looking for a sanatorium nearby ...

A what?

A kind of hospital.

Nothing like that around here! Right, fellows?

Never heard of one ...

A hospital? Whatever for?

We ain't ever sick here!

Sure there is! The sanatorium! Where they used to send the loonies!

Shut your mouth, Alexei Alexeyevich! Don't listen to that old fool. He's gone soft in the head.

I know what I'm saying! Five versts* from old Grigor's cabin going towards Amursky.

Е БОЛТАЙ!

Could you show us on the map?

There! But the road to there's gone ...

16

*AN OLD RUSSIAN UNIT OF LENGTH MEASURING 3,500 FEET, OR SLIGHTLY OVER A KILOMETRE

FOLLOWING THE OLD MAN'S DIRECTIONS, OLGA MANDELSTAM AND MORTIMER DRIVE UP A STEEP TRACK THAT DOESN'T SHOW ON THEIR MAP ...

Arkaim Sanatorium! The grey beard was right!

САНАТОРИЙ АРКАИМ

ПОСТОРОННИМ ВХОД ВОСПРЕЩЁН

It must have been closed for years!

I doubt that, Olga. Look: the hinges are oiled and clean!

ПОСТОРОННИМ ВХОД ВОСПРЕЩЁН

I guess we have no choice but to turn back ...

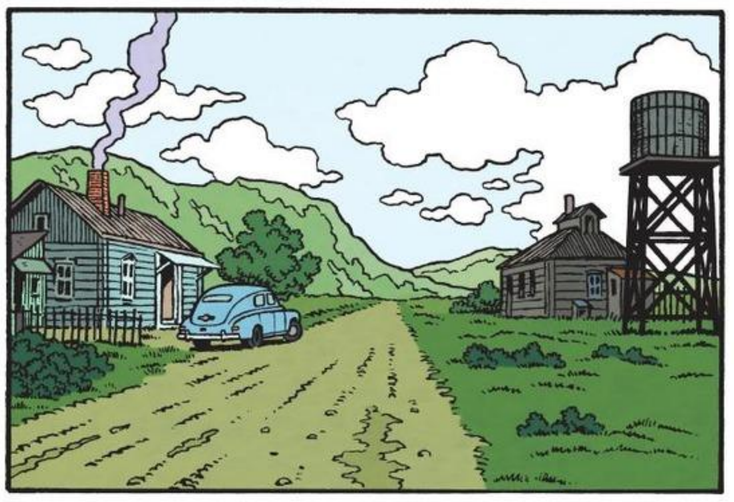
Wait ... What are you doing, Philip?

It would be a pity to come so close and give up.

In that case, I'm coming with you!

I'd rather you waited here. If I'm not back by nightfall, tell Bunin!

ТОРОННИМ ВХОД СПРЕЩЁН



EAGER FOR A MEASURE OF STEALTH, MORTIMER IGNORES THE ROAD AND FOLLOWS A MOUNTAIN PATH INSTEAD ...

17A

TWO HOURS HAVE ELAPSED AND OLGA IS STARTING TO WORRY, WHEN BUNIN'S CAR APPEARS ...

74-73 ЛВЛ

235-Св

Where is your friend? The two of you are a pair of reckless fools!

MEANWHILE, AN IMPOSING BUILDING IS FRAMED IN MORTIMER'S BINOCULARS. THE PROFESSOR REJOICES IN SILENCE ...

... BUT NOT FOR LONG ...

17

WEST BERLIN. IN THE PEACEFUL INTERFAITH CEMETERY OF WALD-FRIEDHOF HEERSTRAßE, BLAKE IS PAYING HIS FINAL RESPECTS TO HIS MURDERED GERMAN COUNTERPART ...

Captain Blake? I'm Reinhard Gehlen. I was told you were in the car with poor Frutiger.

Unfortunately, my being there didn't help him in any way.

Frutiger was a true professional. One of my best men. What did he say to you? Did he suspect his life might be in danger?

I don't know.

JACOBUS ARMENIWALD

18 A

I will find the swine who did this ... but I need to be certain of one thing. Was he unquestionably the target, Captain Blake, and not you?

As far as I can tell, they were aiming at him.

AFTER THE CEREMONY, BLAKE IS BEING DRIVEN BACK TO THE BRITISH SECTOR BY THE MI6 STATION CHIEF IN BERLIN, PAUL GAMES ...

I hope Gehlen wasn't overly inquisitive.

I know we're all friends, now, but still. I don't trust the BND. I'll tell you, it's nothing but a club for old Nazis!

With the preparations going on, traffic has been a nightmare in Berlin these last few days!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE STATION B CHIEF SUDDENLY STEPS ON THE ACCELERATOR ...

Hey!!

!

VRRRRO

?

PLYMOUTH

18

CASTING ALL CAUTION TO THE WIND, THE WHEELS BARELY TOUCHING THE GROUND, HE DASHES UP A ONE-WAY STREET AT FULL SPEED ...

WIG BÖHM RICHTER

EEEEEEEE

THE BIG AMERICAN CAR FOLLOWING THEM DOES THE SAME, BUT ...

EEEEEEEE

BEEEEEP

F-TK 12

Und dann? ... Was?!*

F-TK 12

Come on, you idiot! We're gonna lose them!

*WELL? WHAT NOW, HUH?!

Ah, the old one-way street trick. Works every time. Did you get a good look at them?

Those were the Geneva Lake killers.

H°IN 312

19A

THE OFFICES OF THE WORLD EXPORT AGENCY ARE LOCATED ON THE SECOND FLOOR OF AN INCONSPICUOUS BUILDING OF TIERGARTEN DISTRICT, IN THE BRITISH SECTOR ...

WORLD EXPORT AGENCY

H°IN 312

When are you heading back to London, sir? Considering the circumstances, I don't think now's a good time to turn the city into a battlefield ...

Scheibling. Does the name ring a bell?

Werner Scheibling? I know who he is, of course, but I've never met him.

Did we have any contact with him?

Through Tibor Kertesz, a Czech journalist who works for us ... Unfortunately, he didn't show up for a meeting with his handler two weeks ago ... Vanished completely ...

That's the same time as Scheibling's failed attempt to come West ...

Games, old chap, you're going to have to get me over the Wall!

I don't know what's going on, sir, but without express instructions from London, it is absolutely out of the question for me to send someone from MI5—

The Home Office put me in charge of monitoring Operation Prince. It's obvious that the string of events of the last few days – Scheibling, Kertesz, Frutiger – is tied to it. So, we're going to forget about procedure and administrative timidity. You understand me, don't you, Games?

I ... I think so, sir!

19

NONE OF THE THREE MEN IN UNIFORMS WHO PULL MORTIMER OUT OF THE ARMY VEHICLE SPORT ANY DISTINCTIVE RANK OR REGIMENT INSIGNIA. SOLDIERS WHO DON'T EXIST GUARDING AN ESTABLISHMENT THAT DOESN'T EXIST ...

A SINGLE LOOK IS ENOUGH FOR MORTIMER TO ASSERT THAT THE ARKAIM SANATORIUM IS INDEED IN DISUSE. BUT THEN, WHY SURROUND AN ABANDONED BUILDING WITH SUCH PRECAUTIONS? ...

20A

HERE AND THERE LIE RELICS OF A PAINFUL PAST WHEN TWO DANGEROUS AILMENTS WERE TREATED HERE – TUBERCULOSIS AND POLITICAL DISOBEDIENCE. IN THE PRISONER'S EYES, THE LIGHT SHINING AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY IS NOT THAT OF HOPE ...

Онзбесь!*

TWO DISSUASIVELY BURLY NURSES TAKE CUSTODY OF THE PRISONER AND WORDLESSLY LEAD HIM TO THE LARGE LIFT ...

THE CREAKING CARRIAGE SLOWLY SINKS TOWARDS THE DEPTHS OF THE STRUCTURE ...

*HE'S HERE!

COMING OUT OF THE LIFT, MORTIMER IS FACED WITH A SETTING IN COMPLETE OPPOSITION TO THE DECAYING SURROUNDINGS HE JUST LEFT ...

This way!

?

20

AS THE MAN TURNS AROUND, HIS FACE COMES INTO THE LIGHT ...

Olrik!?!

Dear Professor Mortimer ... So you were the mysterious Englishman at the archaeological dig!

Really, this is attraction far stronger than true love – wherever I am in the world, eventually you always show up.

Opposites attract and all that!

I'm afraid I can't take the time to enjoy this reunion, though ...

I should have known that even in the backend of the Urals, seven corpses with their faces torn off could only lead to you!

21A

What is this I hear, Colonel? We have a visitor?

Someone who's not going to stay with us long, Doctor. Please meet Professor Philip Mortimer.

... that you'd come all this way to conclude a scientific skirmish that did so much harm to me at the time. My dear friend, I look forward to demonstrating at last the validity of my theories on the hippocampus!

You're Dr Julius Kranz?!

What an amazing coincidence ...

Kranz, you don't know this man as I do. Given the stakes, I think it's better to get rid of him now ...

Put it away, Colonel.

I'm not done conversing with Professor Mortimer. If my theory didn't convince him, perhaps the practical work will.

21

Take him to my lab.

CHEMICAL SMELLS WAFT DOWN THE BRIGHTLY-LIT CORRIDOR, GIVING THE PLACE THE FEEL OF A CLINIC ...

A devil!

?

SUDDENLY, A MAN APPEARS OUT OF A SIDE HALLWAY ...

Get him, you fools!

A born devil!

Humpfff ...

If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you poison us, do we not die?

Aaah ...

22A

Take that histrion back to his room!

I have supp'd full with horrors.

?

And nothing can we call our own but death!

5

Your patients quote Shakespeare! What is your method, then, Dr Kranz? Tragedy, or comedy?

You shall soon judge for yourself, Professor ...

22

SHAKEN BY WHAT HE HAS JUST SEEN, MORTIMER IS BROUGHT INTO A ROOM FULL OF AN IMPRESSIVE TECHNOLOGICAL CLUTTER ...

Strap him in!

My dear Professor Mortimer, welcome to my modest laboratory ...

Here we work on the intangible ... the volatile essence of human consciousness.

The hippocampus is the Trojan horse that will allow us to take back control of a world too immature to be left to its own devices – barely out of a calamitous war, it is already rushing blindly towards the next one.

23A

We are humanists.

Thanks to my advances in cognitive science, I shall usher these medieval times into a new Renaissance. An era of peace and prosperity awaits us.

I do so love idealism when it's prefaced with torture and murder. The seven faceless bodies in Arkaim are your handiwork, aren't they?

Mere drafts ...

A subject of Her Most Gracious Majesty, who knows the value of blood, sweat, and tears, shouldn't take exception to our methods. We could be friends, Professor ...

The only thing I dislike about you is your sickening British virtue ... but I'm going to correct that. How would you like to meet your inner Mr Hyde?

The Jack the Ripper that slumbers inside you?

Now you shall contemplate the dark depths of your unconscious ...

23

AT THE BORDER BETWEEN THE RUSSIAN AND AMERICAN SECTORS OF MITTE AND KREUZBERG ON FRIEDRICHSTRAßE, CHECKPOINT C, OR CHARLIE, IS THE ONLY AUTHORISED CROSSING POINT FOR VISITORS WISHING TO GO EAST ...

Büro bedet

ALLIED CHECKPOINT

POLICE
US ARMY
1C 5021

OK, sir, it's all in order.

BERLIN
MP

IT IS ALWAYS DISTRESSING TO CROSS THOSE FEW DOZEN YARDS SEPARATING THE TWO ENEMY BLOCS – AS BLAKE, WEARING A SUBTLE DISGUISE, NOW EXPERIENCES ...

YOU ARE LEAVING THE AMERICAN SECTOR
Вы выезжаете из американского сектора
VOUS SORTEZ DU SECTEUR AMÉRICAIN
SIE VERLASSEN DEN AMERIKANISCHEN SEKTOR

Lawrence White?

Please follow me, Herr White.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF SUSPICION AND PARANOIA PERMEATING THIS PART OF THE WORLD IS IMMEDIATELY APPARENT ...

24 A

What exactly is The Bodley Head?

A London publishing company.

Bourgeois literature? ...

We are interested in all aspects of contemporary thought.

In that case, Herr White, I wish you a successful trip in the German Democratic Republic.

Zimmerstraße

U

B-XZ 930

24

IN THE CAFÉ MOSKAU, A STONE'S THROW FROM THE HOTEL WHERE HE IS STAYING, BLAKE – AKA WHITE – HAVING ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES EARLY IS WAITING IN FRONT OF A PINT OF ALE HE ISN'T PLANNING ON DRINKING ...

Mr White? Richard Mendoza, Ediciones Internacional.

It's an honour to meet Graham Greene's publisher.

And for me to meet Che Guevara's.

As you know, we are interested in translating some of your books for the United Kingdom ...

Which authors of our catalogue have caught your attention?

First and foremost, I am interested in Tibor Kertesz ...

I suggest we discuss it in my office. It's not far.

I should warn you that I'm being followed ...

This is East Berlin ... Wherever you go, so does your shadow ... You get used to it!

MOCKBA

NEVER ATTEMPTING TO SHAKE OFF THE MAN FOLLOWING THEM, BLAKE AND MENDOZA WALK INTO THE BUILDING WHERE THE ELEGANT ARGENTINIAN'S INTERNATIONALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE HAS ITS OFFICES ...

EDICIONES INTERNACIONAL

We're not to be disturbed, Señora Gerda!

LIBERTAD

Tibor Kertesz, you say?

I must speak to him urgently.

I haven't heard anything from him in two weeks.

I know. There has to be someone who knows where he is, though!

EDICIONES INTERNACIONAL

Do you like movies, Mr White?

I think that's enough alcohol, darling!

Stop it! You're hurting me!

Let go of me, you narrow-minded baboon!

Cut!

You see, Mr White, since Fritz Lang's classic Metropolis, our Babelsberg studios have kept alive the tradition of fantasy films, as this new German-Czech co-production demonstrates.

26A

Ztracená tvář – Lost Face – is what you might call a science-fiction thriller, in which a genius surgeon transplants the face of a saint onto a criminal, and vice-versa, to see how it will alter their personalities.

Intriguing!

The fact that the original author is a doctor gives the story a veneer of scientific realism. But there are comedic aspects, too. Krista Hagen, whom you just saw act, has the sort of fiery character your Western audiences might like.

As you will see for yourself, in fact, since I successfully negotiated a meeting with Miss Hagen as you requested.

You are a most resourceful production assistant, Herr Greven.

Fred Delmare, our male lead ... Mr White here is a British publisher. He's interested in our film – and also a little in our dear Krista.

Pah. The silly goose is complaining that I almost broke her arm.

The hazards of the Stanislavski Method ...

KNOCK KNOCK

Herein!*

I leave you in good company, Herr White.

26

*COME IN!

That brute! I'm covered in bruises. Look!

Well, Mr White? What are we going to discuss? The film? Me?

I'd like to talk about Tibor Kertesz.

Tibor Ker ... I ... I don't know anyone by that name ...

That's a pity, because Tibor's life is currently in grave danger.

You've been his lover for two years. He's even proposed to you. I know everything about the two of you. Except one thing: where is he right now? Are there any microphones in the dressing rooms?

Why would they spy on a featherbrain like me?

Then let's not waste any time. When was the last time you saw him?

Two weeks ago. He was supposed to have dinner with this guy ...

What guy?

One of those high-ranking men who gave him information for his articles. He never revealed the names of his sources ...

And then?

He came back from that dinner nervous and excited. He kept repeating, 'This is huge!' He threw some clothes into a bag and I haven't seen him since.

There's still a chance I can save him, Krista, but I need to know where he is.

Who on earth are you, Mr White?

Ha!Ha!Ha!

28A

Aaaahhh!!!

EXHAUSTED BY THE BRUTALITY OF THE 'TREATMENT' HE HAS NOW BEEN SUBJECTED TO FOR WHO KNOWS HOW LONG, THE PROFESSOR IS SHOCKED TO DISCOVER THE IMAGES OF HIS NIGHTMARE PLASTERED ACROSS THE LABORATORY'S SCREEN ...

Well, Professor? Are you starting to come around on the accuracy of my theories?

You devil ... What are you doing to me?

Over the last 48 hours, large doses of atropine and lysergic acid diethylamide have made you highly receptive to the images of rage and violence to which we're exposing you ...

Let him go, Poliakova.

Make no mistake, though. That rage, that violence ... they find their source in you. They're born of you.

28

Look at this first phase as conditioning. Once I implant your electrodes, we'll have the key to your hippocampus, and then we can reconfigure your neuronal synchronisation.

The ... gamma waves ...

Bravo! By controlling your brain's associations – what is known as perceptual binding – I can alter your personality at will. Make you insane or wise, a saint or a murderer ... or simply epileptic.

Excellent, Lyuba. Increase to three sessions per day until I come back.

Even as we speak, in the laboratories of the US Army our American friends are preparing for what they call psychochemical warfare. Where they err is in their desire to make it a mass conflict. I, on the other hand, will be the father of psychochemical peace – and I only need one pawn to win!

CLICK

29 A

Yes, Colonel?

The helicopter is waiting, Doctor ... Doppelgänger, remember? ...

I leave you in the more than capable hands of my assistant Lyuba Poliakova. Those fine cuts you were able to observe at the Arkaim dig site were her handiwork. I do believe we should leave you your honest man's face, however. It will be all the sweeter that way, won't it, Professor?

We could start by shaving all this nasty hair ...

You're making a serious mistake, Doctor. It's a nine-millimetre bullet we should be putting in his hippocampus, not electrodes.

In this place, Colonel, science is in charge, not barbarism. My global revolution may still need Neanderthals like you, but fortunately, not for much longer!

AS THE SUN SETS, DR KRANZ, OLRIK AND ONE OF THE MASKED MEN BOARD AN UNMARKED MIL MI-1 HARE HELICOPTER ...

29

LUBBENAU, IN THE HEART OF THE SPREEWALD IN THE LAND OF BRANDENBURG, 51 MILES SOUTH OF BERLIN. A CAR IS MAKING ITS TENTATIVE WAY FORWARD, LIGHTS OFF ...

Turn right and park! You can't reach my grandmother's house by car.

IN 74-61

It's a little further, on the other bank.

As Tibor is undoubtedly extremely anxious, I think it would be best if you met him alone first, to warn him we're here.

Is he armed?

I ... I don't know. Probably.

BANG

Tibor!

Blast it! They got here first!

TIBOR KERTESZ RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE AND SPRINTS TOWARDS THE RIVER ...

... IMMEDIATELY PURSUED BY THREE ATTACKERS ...

BANG

Ow!!

BANG

WITH A DESPERATE PUSH OF THE OAR, THE INJURED FUGITIVE SENDS HIS BOAT DRIFTING AWAY FROM THE BANK ...

POC

BANG BANG

... WHILE KRISTA CAN'T HELP BUT CRY OUT ...

Tibor!

?

!

... ALERTING THE KILLERS ...

BANG

Krista! Get down!

BANG

Ow!

Дмитрий!*

Turn off your torch, durak! And get in here!

*DMITRIY!

THE LEADER OF THE COMMANDO PUSHES ON HIS POLE TO REACH KERTESZ AND COMPLETE HIS MISSION ...

Ahh!

BANG BANG

SPLASH

BANG BANG

Tibor!

No-o-o-o-o-o!

WITH ALL THREE OPPONENTS OUT OF ACTION, BLAKE AND MENDOZA BRING THE BOAT BACK TO THE BANK, ONLY TO CONFIRM THAT KERTESZ WILL NEVER TALK TO THEM ...

He's gone.

Let's take the body into the house.

32A

Aren't you afraid the neighbours—

Around here, the response to hearing shots is giving the key another turn in the lock.

Light the way for us, Krista.

Wait!

Look! He had time to write something ...

AZE124

Are you sure?

It's fresh blood.

I'll clean up outside, and then we'll bury him.

It's your fault he's dead ... All of you!

I wish it were that simple ... Tibor died the way he lived, fighting in the shadows. But you, Krista, your place is in the light.

DAWN RISES OVER THE SPREEWALD. ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE NIGHT'S NIGHTMARE IS A GRAVE UNDER A ROSEBUSH.

Come. We need to go, now.

I'm staying. Someone needs to be with him.

32

HAVING CONVINCED THE YOUNG WOMAN THAT SHE WOULD BE IN DANGER IN LÜBBENAU, BLAKE AND MENDOZA DROP HER OFF AT HER PARENTS' IN POTSDAM, IN THE SUBURBS OF BERLIN ...

RELIEVED FOR NOW THAT KRISTA IS SAFE, THE TWO MEN RETURN TO BERLIN AS THE CITY AWAKES ...

Richard, dear fellow, I don't know how last night would have gone without you ... Where did you learn to handle a gun?

I had the best instructors in the Cuban sierra ...

Any idea who those men might have been?

The first one I shot was called Dimitry Buliakov. A GRU hatchet man. No doubt the others were of the same ilk. It's strange to see such manpower thrown at a minor asset like Kertesz ...

If Kertesz knew Scheibling's secrets, that was more than enough to mark him for death. At least now we know that the Red Army's intelligence service is involved ...

How about a cup of coffee? I know a place where they make a proper one – nothing East German about it ...

Danke, Dolores!

Bitte, Ricardo!

AZEL24! What did he mean by that?

Sounds like the name of an angel ... or a ship ...

Hmm ... That's not exactly helpful!

I'm just messing with you! ... Actually, this is a simple code I've designed for my agents to use for emergency messages. Tibor knew it like the back of his hand.

Take the number of the week in which the message was left – here, the 25th. Add the two digits together ...

... which makes 7.

Add seven letters to each letter in the message. Numbers in the message are left as is. That gives you ...?

Not much clearer, honestly!

HGLS 24

HGLS24. Any idea what that might mean?

Right now, not the slightest clue.

ARKAIM SANATORIUM. TIED TO HIS TORTURE CHAIR, MORTIMER RELIVES THE BLOODY IMAGES INSTILLED IN HIM OVER AND OVER AGAIN ...

Aaaaah!!!

HAVING DRIVEN HER TEST SUBJECT TO THE LIMITS OF HIS RESISTANCE, LYUBA POLIAKOVA INTERRUPTS THIS NEW STAGE OF THE 'TREATMENT' ...

CLICK

... AND CALLS THE NURSES ON DUTY ...

He's all yours.

Take him back to his cell. You'll bring him back here in two hours. Where's your partner?

On his way, comrade.

EVERY SESSION PLUNGES THE PROFESSOR A LITTLE DEEPER INTO HIS ULTRAVIOLENT HALLUCINATIONS ...

HE COMES OUT OF THEM FILLED WITH UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE ...

?

Rhaaaaaaa!!!

Ow!

ROCKED BY MURDEROUS IMPULSES, HIS HANDS SHAKING BADLY, THE PSYCHOCHEMICAL GUINEA PIG DESPERATELY CLINGS TO THE LAST EMBERS OF LUCIDITY STILL FLICKERING IN HIS BRAIN ...

Get me out of here! You have no idea what I'm capable of...

You won't get far, Professor ...

Far or not, we're going together!

?!

!

Get him!

Sound the alarm! The Englishman's escaped!

TREEEEEEEEEE

A RED VEIL HAS DESCENDED OVER HIS EYES, AND MORTIMER RUNS LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL ... STAIRS ...

... A LONG, SQUALID, POORLY LIT HALLWAY ...

... ANOTHER DOOR ... AT RANDOM ... DRIVEN BY INSTINCT ...

Я-3

A FOUL SMELL GRABS MORTIMER BY THE NOSTRILS, AND IT TAKES HIM A MOMENT TO REALISE WHERE HE IS ...

... BUT THEN AN INSANE PLAN TAKES SHAPE IN HIS ROILING MIND ...

Search every room!

Pfffah ... Stinks in here!

Over there! That door!

STUNNED, THE SOLDIER SPOTS THE BODY OF THE FUGITIVE NEARLY 500 FEET DOWN, LYING BROKEN ON THE STEEP SLOPE THE ENORMOUS BUILDING OVERLOOKS ...

What happened, Lieutenant?

He must have tried to climb down the building's façade, Comrade Poliakova.

Dr Kranz is going to be furious at losing his test subject. I wouldn't want to be in your shoes. Retrieve the body immediately!

It's not going to be easy considering where it fell, especially with night coming.

The smell is unbearable here! Have this morgue emptied already. Or do you want us all to catch cholera?

THE MOON IS HIGH IN THE SKY AS A COVERED LORRY LEAVES THE SANATORIUM ...

Burial detail! What a great evening!

I found a new spot. Much closer than the last one.

Here!

Let's dig, comrade!

MORTIMER ERUPTS FROM THE VEHICLE LIKE A LEAPING TIGER ...

!?

VLAM

DESPITE LONG HOURS SPENT IMMOBILE, THE VIOLENCE IN HIM HASN'T WANED ...

Ow!

LOSING ALL CONTROL, ACTING LIKE A POSSESSED MAN, HE SEEMS ABOUT TO GIVE IN TO THE WORST OF IMPULSES ...

Philip! Nyet!

36

Philip, can you hear me? What did they do to you?

Olga?

Let's get out of here. We won't have much of a head start.

I was beside myself with worry. Mikhail and I have been watching the sanatorium entrance for three days. We followed the first lorry that left ... and got lucky.

But you? ... How did you manage to escape?

I ... I don't remember ... I traded places with a dead man. It was like a nightmare ...

A nightmare created by Kranz!

Kranz? Julius Kranz?!

THE SUN IS UP BY THE TIME MORTIMER JOINS OLGA IN HER TENT AT THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL DIG ...

That did me a world of good. A few hours of sleep and I feel like myself again ...

You were in a frightening state, Philip!

What's really frightening here is the techniques Kranz uses! Brainwashing ... In just a few sessions, he started to take over my mind. I had no idea I had such impulses in me ... If it hadn't been for you, Olga, I'd have killed a man.

You need to leave, Mortimer. I can no longer guarantee your safety here. If the corpses Olga found are the result of experiments secretly sanctioned by top-level military authorities, I'm going to have to stop the investigation ...

And let those criminals go unpunished?

I got in touch with a few old friends who told me that Kranz is a neurosurgeon and that he runs a clinic in East Berlin. I also learnt that the helicopter that left the sanatorium landed in Chelyabinsk, where its passengers took a flight to the GDR.

Kranz and that Olrik of yours must be there.

What could possibly be happening in Berlin to draw Olrik there?

Do you mean to say Pravda is better informed than the Times?

?

The official visit from the president of the United States, Philip.

!

25 JUNE, 11:45 PM, HEGELSTRAßE – A VERY QUIET STREET IN A RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBOURHOOD OF EAST BERLIN ...

HGLS ... Hegelstraße! I should have thought of it earlier. The East German Land Registry does love its shorthand ...

And at number 24, this closely guarded clinic ... Who is this Dr Kranz?

He opened that clinic to – supposedly – treat personality disorders. A well-to-do clientele of artists and nomenklatura wives. There are also rumours he plays a part in the making of East German super-champions.

In Birkenau they called him 'the Golem Maker' ... He specialised in 'experiments' on the brain and on mental subjugation and continued his work in the East after the defeat. He's one of the reasons why I switched camps.

SCHMOCKWITZ PARK-KLINIK

THE NIGHT STRETCHES ON SEEMINGLY FOREVER, AS THE CAR SLOWLY FILLS WITH THE SMOKE FROM BLAKE'S PIPE AND THE HORRIBLE CIGARILLOS HIS COMPANION LIGHTS ONE AFTER ANOTHER. TOBACCO IS SURELY A SPY'S WORST ENEMY ...

My legs are going numb!

Let's go and have a look, then.

AVOIDING THE SENTRIES AT THE ENTRANCE, THE TWO MEN WALK ALONG THE SURROUNDING WALL ...

This should do.

Should do for what?

Well ...

You can't be serious, Captain ...

Lift me up, amigo.

ZIRKUS SCHLIRF

From und Bock

BIER

Was ist los mit dem Hund?*

Ich weiß es nicht. Er ist nervös.**

GRRR

38

*WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE DOG? **I DON'T KNOW. HE'S NERVOUS.

STAYING UNDER THE COVER OF THE TREES, BLAKE CAREFULLY AND SILENTLY MAKES HIS WAY TOWARDS THE REAR OF THE BUILDING ...

... WHERE HE SWIFTLY HOISTS HIMSELF UP ONTO THE FIRST-FLOOR ACCESS BALCONY ...

... BEFORE CONTINUING THE PERILOUS CLIMB OF THE SHEER, RAIN-SLICK FAÇADE ...

?

Woof!

NOISELESSLY, USING HIS SWISS ARMY KNIFE, BLAKE PICKS THE LOCK OF A STAIRWELL DOOR ...

... AND RESOLUTELY HEADS DOWN TOWARDS THE DEPTHS OF THE CLINIC ...

THE SEPULCHRAL SILENCE THAT REIGNS WITHIN THESE WALLS FORCES THE CAPTAIN TO BE EXTREMELY STEALTHY ...

HE'S ALMOST READY TO BELIEVE THAT THE PLACE IS DESERTED WHEN, SUDDENLY, AT THE END OF A HALLWAY ...

?

BLAKE HESITATES, UNSURE OF WHAT TO DO, WHEN A VOICE BEHIND HIM MAKES HIM JUMP ...

Hands up, Captain!

!

39

Olrik!?!

Amazing. Where you see one, the other's never far.

You work with the GRU, now?

Don't judge by appearances, Blake. There's more here than meets the eye.

Who is that man? Another one of your friends?!

Another professional spoilsport, yes.

Well, shoot him, then. Isn't that your speciality?

That's what I was about to do, but then I had a better idea ...

Many before you made the same mistake – treating me as a simple enforcer.

?

Operation Doppelgänger is entering its strategic phase. I'm afraid its significance is beyond you.

But this time, I am in control of the game.

Enough, Olrik! I have no time to waste with your childish outbursts!

My dear doctor, you have no time at all!

OUTSIDE, A MUFFLED DETONATION STARTLES MENDOZA ...

BANG

!?

You knave! You killed him!

Oh, no, I didn't. Congratulations, Captain!

You are now the murderer of the most prominent scientist of the Eastern Bloc.

!

AS MENDOZA PONDERS WHAT HE SHOULD DO NOW, A SHAPE STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS BEHIND HIM ...

Did you hear that shot?

?

A WALTHER PPK APPEARS IN THE ARGENTINIAN'S HAND AS IF BY MAGIC ...

Steady on. I'm Professor Philip Mortimer, Captain Blake's best friend.

What makes you think I might be his friend too?

I've been watching the clinic since nightfall. I recognised him when you helped him over the wall.

This intruder shot Dr Kranz. I got here too late. All I could do was knock him out after the fact. Take the Doppelgänger away and get him ready. We're evacuating now!

What about Dr Kranz's body?

Leave the crime scene as is. I'm calling the Kripo.

SCHLAK

My dear Blake, seeing as how you gave me the opportunity to get rid of the last obstacle in my path to world domination, I'm going to offer you a new experience in return.

You are finally going to know what it's like to rot in a filthy cell for years. It's your turn to be disgraced and lose all privacy and comfort.

In the meantime, though, sleep tight until the Criminal Police arrive.

41

Are you armed?

No.

AS MORTIMER AND MENDOZA NEAR THE CLINIC, THE HEAVY IRON GATES OPEN SILENTLY ...

Look out! Hide!

A CONVOY COMES OUT, LED BY A RED TATRA. BEHIND THE WIDE WINDSCREEN, THE FACE OF THE DRIVER IS CLEARLY VISIBLE ...

After them!

No, wait! Olrik was alone with the masked man in the car, which means that Kranz is still inside.

He might be having the same kind of fun with Francis that he had with me. Let's go in!

As you wish. There might be guards left, though. Use the front entrance. I'll go around the rear. Give me five minutes.

FIVE MINUTES LATER, HIS STOMACH IN KNOTS, MORTIMER RINGS THE BELL AT THE SMALL DOOR BY THE GATES ...

SCHMOCKWITZ KRANKENHAUS

THE GUARD WHO OPENS IT LOOKS NOTHING LIKE THE SOLDIERS WHO OCCUPIED THE PLACE UNTIL OLRIK'S DEPARTURE ...

Kriminalpolizei?

Ow!

Kriminalpolizei!

HAVING HIDDEN HIS VICTIM BEHIND A BUSH, MENDOZA LEADS MORTIMER TOWARDS THE CLINIC ...

Reduced security. One man at the entrance, another on the terrace. Civilians. Dog's gone, too. Give me another two minutes.

Not a word, compañero*! Take us to Dr Kranz!

?!

Francis! Good heavens!

*BUDDY

Thank the Lord! He's breathing.

This one, on the other hand, is clearly dead.

Kranz! Poor devil ...

It looks like Blake shot the evil doctor.

I'm not so sure ...

Hello! What do we have here?

Blake was evidently given a powerful sedative. Remember also that the guards thought I was from the Criminal Police. This whole thing reeks of Olrik's twisted schemes ...

In that case, we'd better not stick around. You! Get in there!

LEAVING THE UNFORTUNATE CARETAKER BOUND AND GAGGED IN A BROOM CUPBOARD, MORTIMER AND MENDOZA CARRY BLAKE TO THE CAR. THE HOWLING OF THE *KRIPO*'S SIRENS SWELLS IN THE WANING NIGHT ...

WEEEEOOOOOO

IN 74-61

43

ALTGLIENICKE DISTRICT, CLOSE TO THE WALL, EASTERN SIDE ...

It's 5:30 AM. Prince will land in Tegel in four hours ...

AL 11-24

We can move to our forward position. From here on, complete silence.

IN THE OFFICES OF EDICIONES INTERNACIONAL, BLAKE IS SLOWLY COMING TO ...

Café Cubano! Can't beat it!

By George, what a revolting drink!

Wakes the dead and kills the living! That's what we used to say in the guerrilla.

Olrik killed Kranz, and then everything went dark ...

Barbiturates. A massive dose. Lucky your heart is strong.

Philip? What on earth are you doing here, old chap? I thought you were in Russia!

After I stepped into a nest of vipers, I tried to contact you in London from the Urals, to no avail. So I decided to act alone. That's how I ended up here, following Olrik and Kranz's trail. A complicated journey. I'll tell you all about it later ...

What can a former concentration camp doctor and that abject blackguard be planning together?

Operation Doppelgänger.

Doppelgänger! Isn't that the last word Scheibling said before he died?!

?

The very word for which poor Frutiger died before my eyes. Gentlemen, Operation Doppelgänger has just collided with Operation Prince.

We must return to West Berlin forthwith. Before 9:30 this morning, in fact. That leaves us less than three hours.

That's more than enough time for Ediciones Internacional to deliver you and your friend safe and sound, Mr White.

Even though I have no passport?

44

IT IS ALMOST TOO EARLY FOR COCK'S CROW AS THE EDICIONES INTERNACIONAL VAN MOVES ACROSS A STILL-SLEEPY EAST BERLIN ...

I can't help but think we may be making a mistake.

Don't worry. This is the best time.

¿Hola, Hansie, qué tal?*

Comrade Mendoza! Always the early bird ...

*HELLO, HANSIE, HOW ARE YOU?

My friend and colleague Mr White invited me to that little shindig on the other side of the Wall ...

Would be a pity to miss it.

EDICIONES INTERNACIONAL

Ach! Karl Marx, sehr gut!*

Everything's in order! Be careful for the trip back, though. We're closing in an hour – because of the ... shindig, and I'm not sure when you'll be able to cross back ...

*AH! KARL MARX, VERY GOOD!

THE PUBLISHING HOUSE'S SMALL UTILITY VEHICLE CROSSES THE 'DEATH STRIP' BETWEEN THE TWO GERMANIES ...

See? Piece of cake!

Hello, Admiral!

BUT SERGEANT DWIGHT HAMILL, US MARINE CORPS AND INDEED THE SON OF A REAR ADMIRAL, DOESN'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE SOUTH AMERICAN HUMOUR. HE TAKES A LONG TIME PORING OVER THE PASSPORTS ...

... THEN, OBEYING HIS SIGNAL, THREE HEAVILY ARMED MPS FILE OUT OF THE SHED AND SURROUND THE VAN ...

Please step out of the vehicle, gents. We need to search it.

!?

!

It is now 9:40 am ... Air Force One has just landed at Tegel Airport, in the French sector ...

US ARMY CHECKPOINT CHARLIE

Drogerie

...and so the honour to welcome the American president to Berlin falls to a Frenchman: General Toulouse, the commander of the Sector.

FRIEDRICHSTRAßE. IN THE OLD HARDWARE STORE THAT NOW SERVES AS GUARDHOUSE TO THE SOLDIERS MANNING THE CHECKPOINT, BLAKE AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS ARE FUMING ...

Next come the handshakes with the chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany and the mayor of Berlin.

After a short review of the French troops present, the president gets into his open-topped Lincoln ...

You might have been better off staying on the other side of the Wall, Professor ...

I wouldn't have missed the conclusion of this story for the world!

The way things are going, I'm worried we may all miss it.

Sergeant! We have been waiting here for over two hours. I already told you: I am the head of MI5!

This situation is simply absurd!

I happen to have strict orders, especially today.

As far as I'm concerned, your name is White and you're a publisher ...

... and to cap it off, I found you with an individual who claims to be a British citizen but carries a pass delivered by the authorities of Sveve ... Sverdlovsk and signed by one Major ... Bunin. To me, this man is a Soviet spy, and you're his accomplices.

Sergeant! Your actions here will have a historic impact!

This day will have a historic impact – and I have other fish to fry.

Think carefully, Sergeant. This is the sort of mistake that can utterly destroy a career. I demand to make a phone call. Now!

... you're in the company of a resident of East Germany known to us as a Communist agitator ...

Fine. One phone call, then. Just one!

Call the Home Office in London!

FRIEDRICHSTRAßE, 11:30 AM. NOTHING HAS CHANGED ...

US ARMY CHECKPOINT CHARLIE

Papierhandlung

Drogerie

At the gate, the president and his entourage climb onto a platform in order to observe the enemy over the 'Wall of Shame', as the citizens of West Berlin call it.

But wait ... What is going on? A huge sign has been erected on the Eastern side, calling upon the president to abide by the treaties signed by his predecessors!

Travelling through Berlin and ecstatic crowds, the presidential motorcade arrives at the Brandenburg Gate.

Still no one! This is ludicrous!

If that was your Olrik's master-plan, I'm disappointed ...

AT LAST, A DODGE FROM US HIGH COMMAND STOPS IN FRONT OF THE GUARDHOUSE, CARRYING PAUL GAMES AND A COLONEL BRADLEY BELL, BOTH EAGERLY AWAITED ...

SAUFER
WEINE - LIKÖRE

I alerted the Home Office two hours ago, Games! And you're only showing up now?!

You have no idea how many strings I had to pull to unravel this mess, sir!

I mean, smuggling in a man without papers! On a day like this!

Gentlemen! May I remind you that Olrik is most likely in West Berlin and has a massive lead over us?!

Captain Blake! What exactly is going on?

There's an unfortunately high chance that Prince's life is in danger.

PEDAL TO THE METAL, COLONEL BELL'S DRIVER ATTEMPTS TO MAKE UP SOME LOST TIME. BERLIN SEEMS ALMOST EMPTY, ASIDE FROM THE OMNIPRESENT MILITARY SECURITY ...

General Carver was worried about your absence ...

While we were being held by the US Army? How ironic!

You've been following Prince since he arrived. Any notable incident?

Nothing ... aside from the Soviet's act of provocation at the Brandenburg Gate.

NEARING RUDOLPH WILDE PLATZ, TRAFFIC SUDDENLY BECOMES MORE PROBLEMATIC, AS 450,000 BERLINERS HAVE GATHERED THERE FOR THAT HISTORIC EVENT ...

Can't drive any closer, sir.

We'll have to continue on foot.

PUSHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ELECTRIFIED CROWD, THE FIVE MEN APPROACH THE PRESIDENTIAL PLATFORM ...

FREE-DOM
FREE-DOM
FREE-DOM

There are some who say that Communism is the wave of the future. Let them come to Berlin. And there are some who say in Europe and elsewhere that we can work with the Communists. Let them come to Berlin!

ONE O'CLOCK. EMERGING FROM THE SCHÖNEBERG CITY HALL WHERE HE'S BEEN ABLE TO REST A FEW MINUTES, THE YOUNG PRESIDENT IS GREETED BY AN IMMENSE CLAMOUR ...

Freedom has many difficulties and democracy is not perfect, but we have never had to put a wall up to keep our people in ...

... the Wall is the most obvious and vivid demonstration of the failures of the Communist system ...

General Carver! ...

Blake! Didn't hear your alarm clock, did you?

I just came back from East Berlin, General. This visit is under a great threat!

What threat? Tell me more!

Olrik is involved, but I don't know much more ...

Olrik? Never heard the name! Shouldn't you be overseeing security in the British Sector, anyway?

All free men, wherever they may live, are citizens of Berlin, and, therefore, as a free man, I take pride in the words ...

... Ich bin ein Berliner!

THE OVATION THAT HAS ARISEN FROM THE PEOPLE OF BERLIN IS STILL RINGING OUT WHEN THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY LEAVE THE PLATFORM TO FOLLOW THE TIGHT SCHEDULE ...

FROM THE FRONT RANK OF THE VIP AREA, MORTIMER AND MENDOZA WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS LIKE HAWKS, READY FOR ANYTHING ...

Are you armed?

No, and I don't like it. Can you help me out, Games?

Is that a good idea? I know you, Richard ...

He's leaving! Where's Blake?

There!

Something's wrong!

What? I didn't notice anything!

He sat on the left side of the Lincoln.

So what?

The medical file on Prince is adamant. Given his chronic back pain, he can only sit on the right during such motorcades ...

Doppelgänger ...
Brainwashing ...
Facial surgery ...

Gentlemen, if this is what I think it is, we were just witness to the most diabolical sleight of hand in the history of Mankind! The Purloined Letter in front of half a million witnesses, ha ha!

Was the president ever alone during his visit?

Yes. Here, inside the city hall ...

The schedule afforded him 15 minutes of solitude to rest and rehearse his speech.

Gentlemen, to the city hall! Quickly!

Philip, are you sure you know what you're doing?

We need to find the room he was in!

A FLABBERGASTED USHER LEADS THE FOUR MEN TO THE OFFICE WHERE THE PRESIDENT RESTED ...

Games, Prince is going to arrive in the British Sector. Stay in touch with Carver. I'll join you as soon as possible.

Mortimer, for heaven's sake, will you finally tell us why we're here?!

Kranz spoke of drafts about his mental manipulations ... His assistant is an expert in facial surgery ... Their various attempts cost nearly a dozen men their lives ...

I was on the receiving end of their methods myself. In only 48 hours, he practically turned me into a homicidal maniac.

In German folklore, Doppelgänger is someone's double!

?

In Edgar Allan Poe's William Wilson, it's an evil double, even!

Gentlemen, I am convinced that the president we saw was not the real one!

What?

And I'm sure the switch must have taken place here, in this room.

Where's the real one, then?!

In Olrik's clutches!

And perhaps already on the Eastern side by now ...

How did he do it, though? The room was guarded and it doesn't have another exit.

He's a real Houdini, that Olrik!

A secret passage, of course! We just need to find it.

THE THREE MEN BEGIN SCRUTINISING THE ROOM, LOOKING FOR THIS HYPOTHETICAL SECRET PASSAGE. A MECHANISM MIGHT BE HIDDEN IN THE MOULDING OR BEHIND A WALL LIGHT ...

... UNTIL, EVENTUALLY, THE CAREFUL SEARCH BEARS FRUIT ...

Here!

You were right! You have remarkable intuition, Professor...

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S HESITATION, ALL THREE BEGIN A DESCENT TOWARDS THE BOWELS OF THE BUILDING ...

... AND, A HUNDRED FEET DOWN, COME OUT IN WHAT APPEARS TO BE A CELLAR ...

An abandoned shelter!

The Nazis built bunkers everywhere in most official buildings.

I don't know if these oil lamps date back to the Nazis, but they're going to come in handy.

This shelter must have been erased from the blueprints when the building was rebuilt. It definitely wasn't on any of those I studied to prepare Operation Prince.

?

Look! A Russian cigarette packet – without a trace of mould on it!

People have been through here not long ago.

And they went that way!

A tunnel?!

51

You're right to call it a tunnel, Captain ... Schöneberg District neighbours that of Altglienicke, on the other side of the Wall ...

?

The Altglienicke tunnel! Operation Stopwatch!*

Please enlighten me, gentlemen – what tunnel? I rather feel like I'm wading through a disused sewer!

Here lies the answer to your question, Professor!

*ALSO KNOWN TO THE CIA AS OPERATION GOLD

In 1954, the CIA and MI6 dug a 500-yard-long tunnel between the two Berlins. The goal was to listen to enemy communications. Six million telexes were intercepted and 500,000 conversations recorded.

Every spymaster's dream. But it didn't last long ...

They claimed the tunnel was discovered by chance by one of their maintenance teams, but the truth is that a mole inside our own services told the Soviets ...

A George Blake, if I remember correctly.

Someone from your family?

Not even an actual Blake – just the alias of a man actually named George Behar. We discovered and arrested him two years ago.

The tunnel was sealed off by the Soviets, but that Olrik fellow must have reopened it ...

Then let's stay on our guard. It would be unlike Olrik not to watch his rear.

AT THAT MOMENT, THE DISTANT SOUND OF SOMEONE CALLING OUT IN RUSSIAN REACHES THE THREE MEN, WHO FREEZE ON THE SPOT ...

Эй, Иван, у тебя есть слички?*

!?

Turn off the lamps. Quickly!

*HEY, IVAN, DO YOU HAVE A MATCH?

I hate sentry duty ...

Shut up ... I heard a noise.

My apologies, officers. I seem to have got turned around ...

Божемой!*

*MY GOD!

WALKING STRAIGHT INTO THE TRAP, THE TWO SPETSNAZ* FORGET TO STAY VIGILANT ...

Ow!!!!

52

*SPECIAL FORCES

DUMBFOUNDED, THE THIRD SPETSNAZ WATCHES HIS SQUAD MATES WALK OUT OF THE HOUSE, ESCORTING A STRANGE PRISONER ...

?

DR 51-32

... AND, MOMENTS LATER, THE UNFORTUNATE SOLDIER JOINS HIS TWO COMRADES DOWN INSIDE THE TUNNEL ...

Let's go!

MENDOZA GETS BEHIND THE WHEEL, AS HIS KNOWLEDGE OF EAST BERLIN WILL SURELY PROVE USEFUL. FOR THE MOMENT, THOUGH, HE TAKES THE VEHICLE IN A RANDOM DIRECTION THROUGH THE EMPTY STREETS ...

DR 51-32

Where to, then?

Let's get inside Olrik's head ... Where would he have taken his prisoner?

A safe house in Berlin?

If I were Olrik, I'd want as much distance as possible between me and the Iron Curtain ... The Arkaim Sanatorium, guarded by the GRU, is undoubtedly the safest spot. Not to mention the commando came from there.

The clinic? ... Unlikely. He 'burnt' it when he killed Kranz there. The place is probably still crawling with Kripo officers ...

?

Орел один вызывает орла два...*

*EAGLE ONE CALLING EAGLE TWO ...

Орел один, я орла два. Приём ...*

Покиньте пост двигайтесь в точку SXF-Восточная. Орел готов к взлёту.**

The professor got it right. The bird is about to fly the coop. All he's waiting for now is his rear guard – us.

But where?

BRAKING HARD, MENDOZA THROWS HIS VEHICLE INTO A TIGHT 180 TURN WITH LITTLE CONCERN FOR OTHER CARS. WHO WOULD DARE HONK AT AN UNMARKED MILITARY VEHICLE, AFTER ALL? ...

I don't see anywhere but Schönefeld military airfield ...

!

EEEEEEEEE

53

*EAGLE ONE, THIS IS EAGLE TWO, COPY ... **LEAVE YOUR POST AND MOVE TO POINT SFX-EAST. THE EAGLE IS READY TO TAKE OFF.

IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES, THE VEHICLE 'BORROWED' BY THE THREE MEN COVERS THE 13 MILES SEPARATING BERLIN FROM SCHÖNEFELD, ONLY TO DISCOVER THE ENTRANCE TO THE AIRFIELD UNDER HEAVY GUARD ...

Let me do the talking.

ACHTUNG
Militärflugplatz
Lebensgefahr!

Adler Zwei. Wir fahren zu dem Adler.*

Beeil dich, Kamerad! Der Heli wird ohne euch abfliegen. Startbahn B.**

We're headed for runway B. A helicopter is waiting for us to take off.

ON THE FAR SIDE OF RUNWAY B, A TANKER FINISHES REFUELLING AN UNMARKED MIL MI-4 HELICOPTER, UNDER THE VIGILANT GUARD OF TWO HEAVILY ARMED SPETSNAZ ...

*EAGLE TWO. WE'RE GOING TO THE EAGLE. **HURRY UP, COMRADE! THE HELO IS GOING TO LEAVE WITHOUT YOU. RUNWAY B.

Are you planning to capture that aircraft?

A frontal attack is out of the question. They'd have time to execute Prince.

What we need is a diversion. Hold on to something!

Hey!

EEEEEEF

What are you doing, Richard?

Blake, take the wheel and give me two minutes. I'll meet you at the helicopter!

Also was?*

Are you crazy? What are you— Hey!!!!

Requisition, buddy!

OUTSIDE, REFUELLING OPERATIONS ARE COMPLETE. DRIVING THE FORKLIFT TRUCK AS FAST AS IT WILL GO, MENDOZA LAUNCHES IT DIRECTLY AT THE DEPARTING TANKER ...

?

*WHAT IS THIS?

HAVING BLOCKED THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL, MENDOZA JUMPS OUT OF THE FORKLIFT ...

!

LIFTMOBIL MIAG ZW 70-21

... AND WITH A SCREECH OF TORTURED METAL, THE PRONGS OF THE HEAVY TRUCK RIP THE TANK OPEN ...

CRASH

THE DRIVER HURRIES OUT OF THE CAB, IN A STATE OF SHOCK. HIS EYES OPEN WIDE WITH FEAR ...

Teufel! Nein!*

BR 40-1

*HEAVENS! NO!

Run, Comrade ...

?

ZWOOFFF

EDICIONES INTERNACIONAL

THE TANKER EXPLODES, AND THE BLAST THROWS TO THE GROUND BOTH MENDOZA AND THE SPETSNAZ WHO WAS SPRINTING TOWARDS HIM, GUN IN HAND ...

JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO RUSH TO HIS PARTNER'S HELP, THE OTHER GUARD, STILL BY THE HELICOPTER, SEES EAGLE 2 BRAKE SHARPLY BEFORE HIM ...

DR 51-32

EEEEEEEEEE

Get in! We're leaving!

Wait ...??

Ouch!

DR 51-32

55

Anton, is that you? What happened?

Oogh!

ITS ENGINES HOWLING, THE MI-4 ATTEMPTS TO LIFT OFF THE GROUND, THE WIND FROM ITS ROTOR BLOWING AWAY THE SMOKE ...

171

Ahhh!

They're leaving!

Blake is on it!

Ow!

BANG BANG

Flight's cancelled, tovarish! Put it down now.

!

NO SOONER IS THE HELICOPTER BACK ON THE GROUND THAN BLAKE TAKES THE CONTROLS ...

Vamos*, Captain!

Prince? ...

Here!

Olrik isn't aboard. On the other hand, we have the president. Sedated, but unharmed.

Thank heavens!

56

*LET'S GO

FLYING AT RECKLESS SPEED, THE MI-4 LEAVES THE AIRSPACE OF THE WARSAW PACT TO ENTER NATO'S. AS THE BIRD FLIES, THE RUNWAYS OF SCHÖNEFELD AND THOSE OF TEGEL ARE ONLY 7.5 MILES APART ...

?

THE INTRUSION DOESN'T ESCAPE THE VIGILANCE OF THE AIR CONTROLLERS AT TEGEL, AN AIRPORT UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF FRENCH FORCES ...

Mon capitaine! Unknown aircraft entering the restricted zone!

Alert the air defences and get Commissioner Pradier in here!

ON THE TARMAC, AIR FORCE ONE IS PREPARING TO LEAVE BERLIN. A FEW MORE SMILES, A FEW MORE VS FOR VICTORY, AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS VISITOR WILL BE ON HIS WAY ...

26000

It's 5:35 PM. Right on schedule. Eight hours in Berlin and not a single hiccup. Happy, Carver?

More than you could imagine ...

I do hope, General, that it might have changed your opinion on French reliab—

PRADIER DOESN'T COMPLETE HIS SENTENCE. FOR A FLEETING MOMENT, A FAMILIAR FACE IS VISIBLE AT THE EDGE OF HIS FIELD OF VISION ...

!

... BUT A SOLDIER'S CALL DISPELS HIS PUZZLEMENT ...

Commissaire Pradier!

?

You're wanted at the CP. Code red.

Air Force One is still on the tarmac! Faster, Blake!

Yes, yes, we're there. Plug my helmet into the wireless, will you?

SUDDENLY, BLAKE'S HEADPHONES FILL WITH DECIDEDLY UNFRIENDLY WORDS ...

Unidentified Mi-4, unidentified Mi-4 ... This is French Military Air Control ... You have entered restricted airspace ... Hawk missiles are trained on you and will be fired in 15 seconds ... Turn back immediately. I repeat, turn back immediately ...

!

Mayday! Mayday! Mayday! This is Captain Blake of British Intelligence! Put me through to Commissioner Pradier!

What should we do, mon capitaine?

Give the order to fire!

Wait! What's going on?!

THE HORDE OF JOURNALISTS AND VIPS HAS DISPERSED. TAKE-OFF IS IMMINENT ...

General Carver! ...

26000

?

The French report an unidentified aircraft approaching, sir!

Why haven't they shot it down already?! We're leaving! Right now!

Pradier? This is Blake! Don't fire your missiles – I have Prince onboard!

That's impossible! I escorted him personally to his plane!

No time to explain! I'm landing!

HEEDLESS OF DANGER, BLAKE LANDS HIS HELICOPTER UNDER THE VERY NOSE OF THE PRESIDENTIAL AIRCRAFT, BLOCKING ANY POSSIBILITY OF ESCAPE ...

THEN, HOPPING OFF THE MI-4, HE RUNS TOWARDS AIR FORCE ONE, FOLLOWED BY MORTIMER AND MENDOZA SUPPORTING A WOBBLY PRINCE ...

... WHILE A JEEP CARRYING PRADIER THUNDERS TOWARDS THEM...

Blake! Explanations!

This man is Prince!

Yours is a double. Not a moment to lose, Pradier.

Move this stair truck away! Now!

Leave it in place! That's an order!

Shoot, Rand! Shoot!

But, General, isn't this Captain Blake?!

U. S.

58

Pradier, make sure this plane can't take off for now. Richard, no one's getting off!

Understood, Captain!

You again, Blake? I don't know what this ridiculous mummery is all about, but you are seriously disrupting the president of the United States' schedule!

Who are these clowns?

Rand, you stay outside.

But, sir—

That's an order!

I'm listening.

See for yourself ...

Allow me to introduce my most excellent friend Professor Mortimer, and ... isn't there somewhere more private inside that plane where we can talk?

Follow me.

What the ...?!

The man you have onboard is a human puppet created and programmed by the GRU. A Doppelgänger.

A near-perfect copy, both mentally and physically. Courtesy of an East German surgeon named Julius Kranz.

Mr President?

Carver? Where ... Where am I?

You're safe, Mr President ... Come with me.

THE FOUR MEN WALK INTO AIR FORCE ONE'S STATEROOM ...

Well, General, what's all the commotion about?

Be quiet, Mr President!

!

?!

DICK TRACY

Olrik? What is he doing here?

Why, I'm looking after my chef d'oeuvre, of course!

As for you, Carver, you're an idiot. Letting them get onto the plane—

Settle down, Colonel. I have the situation in hand. He's the real problem. Two presidents is one too many. Put his mask back on, Blake.

You, the anti-Communist falcon, working with the worst elements of the GRU? ... Feel like explaining, General?

Falcons want peace—just not yours. The balance of terror is no longer enough. Without a war, without the threat of nuclear annihilation, our secret junta will impose its global order through its human puppets, as you called them. The replacement of the leaders of the great powers by our Doppelgängers has begun. This is but the first of them.

Interesting. Then, why did Olrik murder Kranz, their maker?

!?

What? Olrik, you didn't, did you?

Kranz was like you, Carver, you fool. A twisted little idealist intent on making amends for the crimes of his generation with his two-bit humanism. I have neither your squeamishness nor your regrets. Find a way to make more of your ridiculous Doppelgängers if you wish. One is enough for me – as long as he presses the button when the time comes.

?

The final chaos will engulf this world, and what Basam-Damdu, my mentor, didn't succeed in doing, I, Olrik, will accomplish! Ha ha ha!

60

To rule over a field of ashes ... Is that what you want, you madman?

He won't rule over anything!

BANG

Agent Rand, arrest that man! He just murdered the president!

Hold it! Carver fired that shot, and the victim isn't the president!

I ...

He's telling the truth, Mark. I'm the president.

AT THAT MOMENT, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE GENERAL CONFUSION, OLRIK PLAYS HIS LAST CARD ...

Put the guns down, gentlemen. Mr President, you and I are going to leave now ...

One move, one sound before we have left the plane and he's dead. As for you, my dear British friends, we'll meet again!

You're not going anywhere, compañero!

WEDNESDAY, 26 JUNE 1963, SIX O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON. AIR FORCE ONE LEAVES TEGEL AIRPORT AFTER THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES' TRIUMPHANT VISIT TO WEST BERLIN ...

Twenty minutes behind schedule, but history will never know. It will only remember he spent eight hours in Berlin.

Eight hours that may very well change the world!

LONDON, SIX MONTHS LATER. ON A FREEZING NOVEMBER EVENING, A MAN WEARING AN OUTLANDISH OUTFIT ARRIVES AT THE CENTAUR CLUB ...

ONI 203

Well, my dear Francis? What do you think of my new wardrobe?

Going to the North Pole, old chap?

Almost. I'm going back to the Urals!

It appears that this time, my friend Olga Mandelstam did unearth Arkaim's actual ruins. Look ... this is a portion of the outer wall. Fascinating, isn't it?

A SUDDEN COMMOTION DISTURBS THE QUIET ATMOSPHERE OF THE SMOKING ROOM. WALKING BEHIND A SOMBRE MACOMBER, JAMES, THE BUTLER, BRINGS IN THE CENTAUR CLUB'S ANCIENT WIRELESS ON WHICH MEMBERS WOULD LISTEN TO CHURCHILL'S SPEECHES DURING THE BLITZ ...

Gentlemen ...

What is going on, Macomber?

Gentlemen, I must regretfully draw your attention to a terrible piece of news. Plug it in, James ...

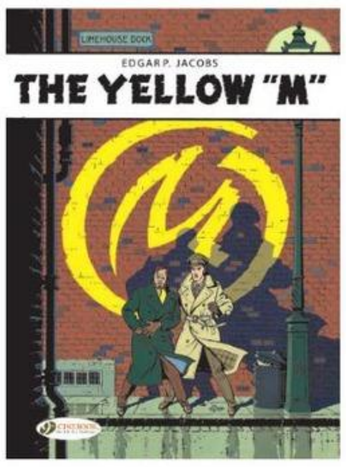
Indeed ...

Crweeee ... BBC ... Special bulletin ... Live from Dallas, Texas ...

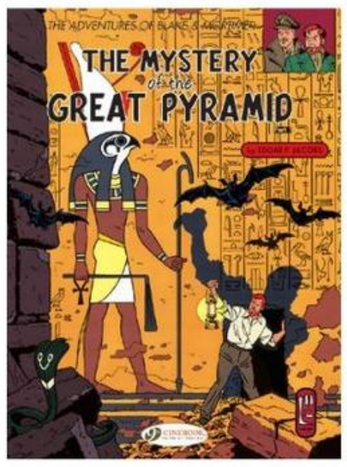
Today, 22 November, at half past noon local time, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, 35th president of the United States of America, was assassinated ...

THE END

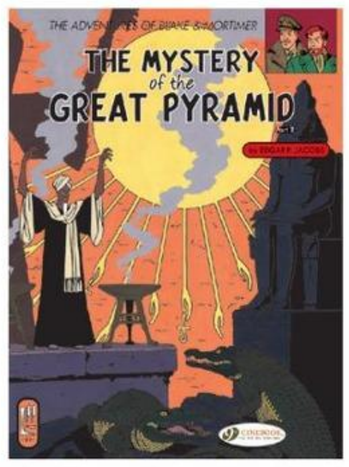
THE ADVENTURES OF BLAKE & MORTIMER



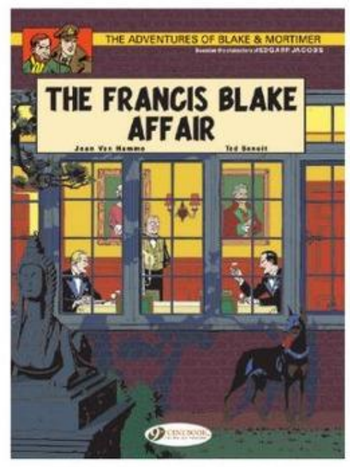
1-The Yellow "M"
EDGAR P. JACOBS



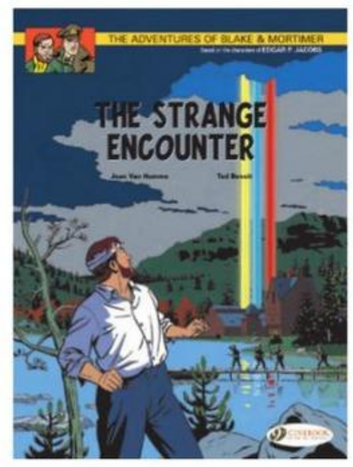
2-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



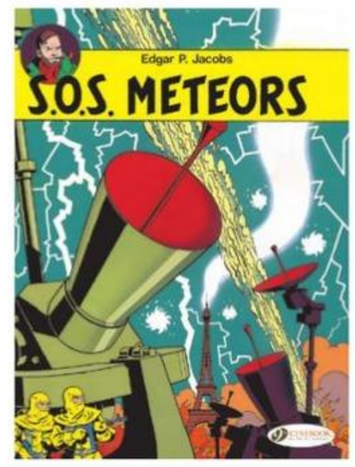
3-The Mystery of the Great Pyramid Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



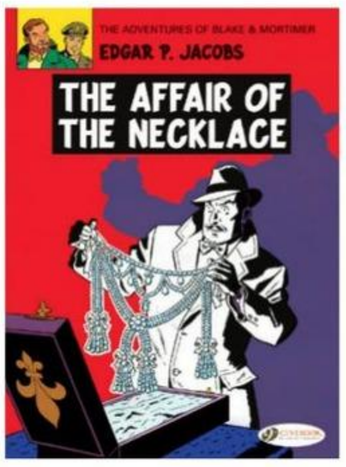
4-The Francis Blake Affair
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



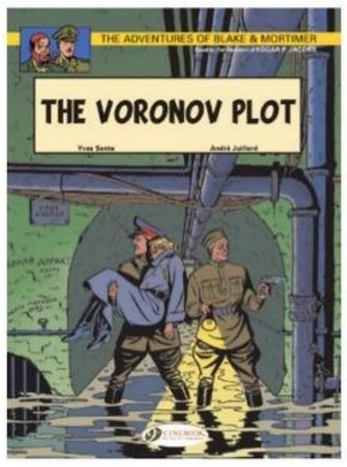
5-The Strange Encounter
VAN HAMME - BENOIT



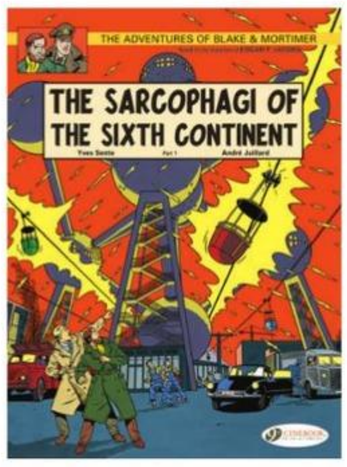
6-S.O.S. Meteors
EDGAR P. JACOBS



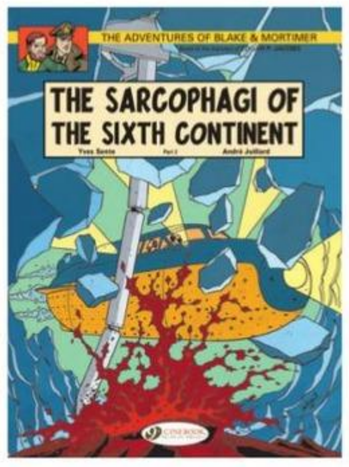
7-The Affair of the Necklace
EDGAR P. JACOBS



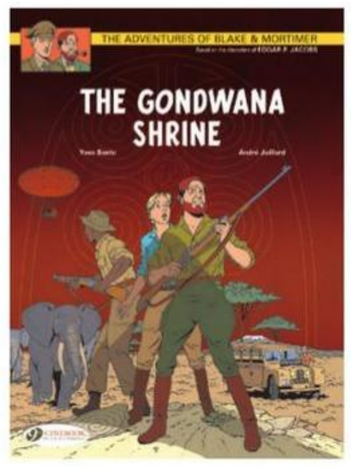
8-The Voronov Plot
SENTE - JUILLARD



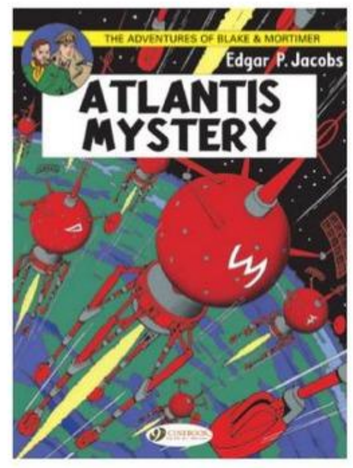
9-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 1
SENTE - JUILLARD



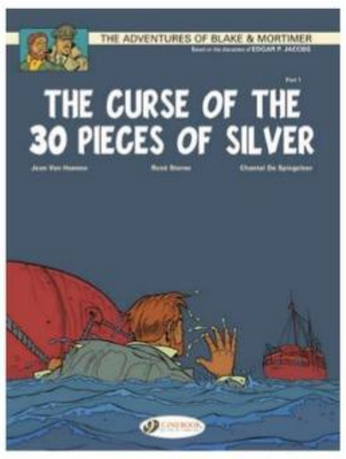
10-The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent Part 2
SENTE - JUILLARD



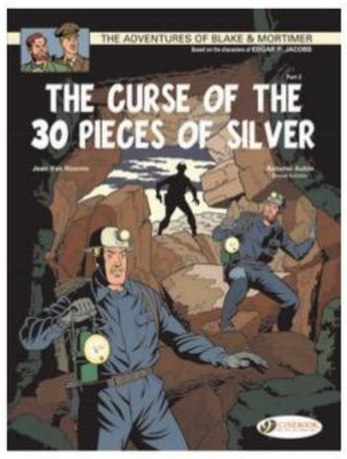
11-The Gondwana Shrine
SENTE - JUILLARD



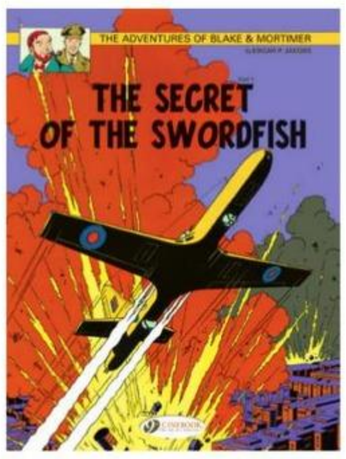
12-Atlantis Mystery
EDGAR P. JACOBS



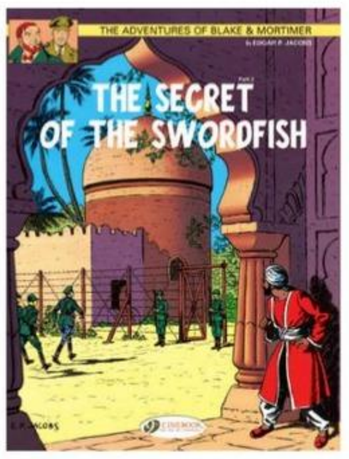
13-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 1
VAN HAMME - STERNE - DE SPIEGELEER



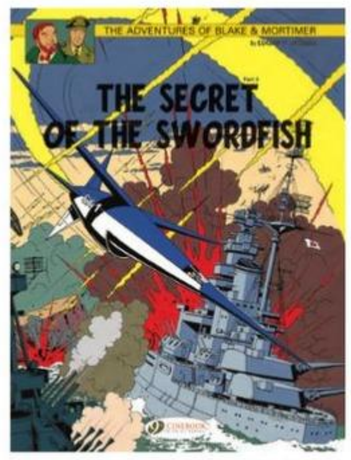
14-The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 2
VAN HAMME - AUBIN - SCHRÉDER



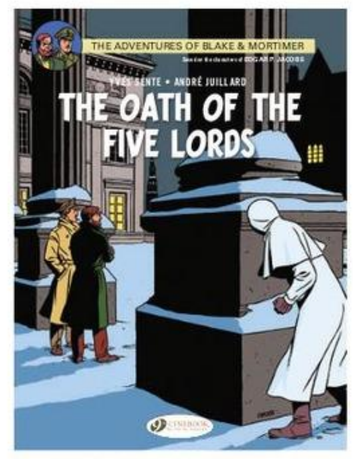
15-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



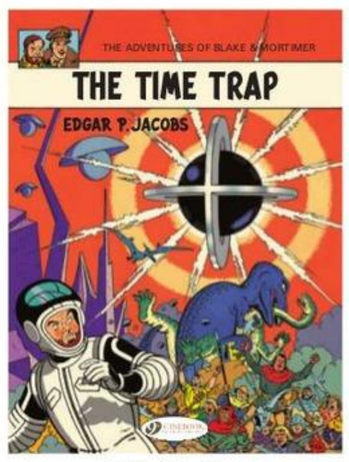
16-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 2
EDGAR P. JACOBS



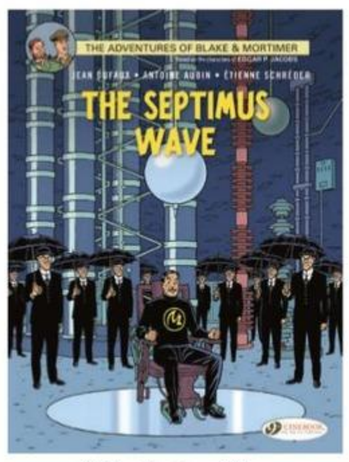
17-The Secret of the Swordfish Part 3
EDGAR P. JACOBS



18-The Oath of the Five Lords
SENTE - JUILLARD

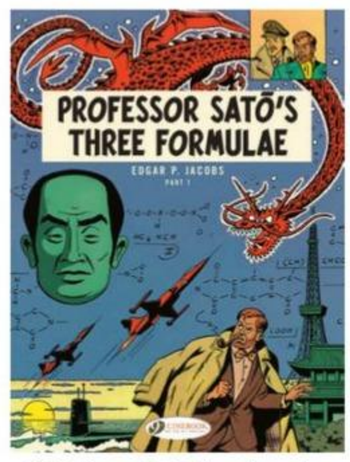


19-The Time Trap
EDGAR P. JACOBS

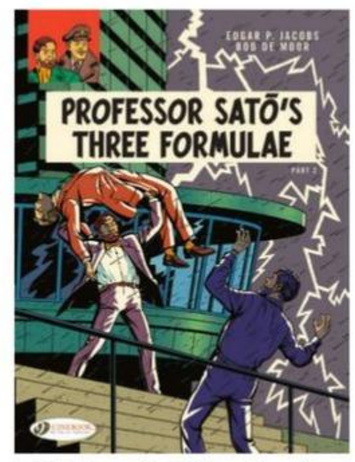


20-The Septimus Wave
DUFAUX - AUBIN - SCHRÉDER

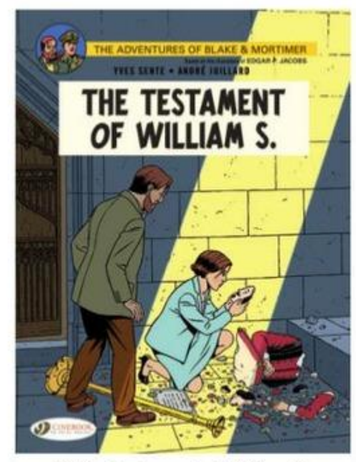
21-Plutarch's Staff
SENTE - JUILLARD



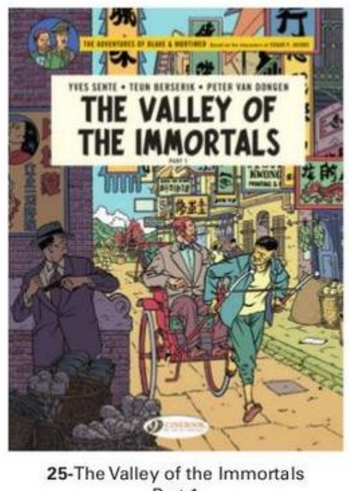
22-Professor Satō's Three Formulae Part 1
EDGAR P. JACOBS



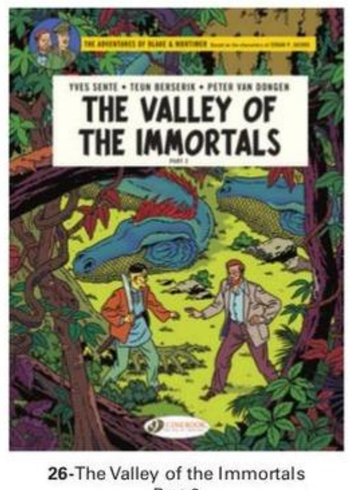
23-Professor Satō's Three Formulae Part 2
JACOBS - DE MOOR



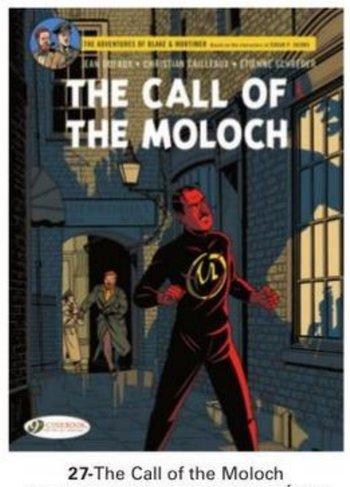
24-The Testament of William S.
SENTE - JUILLARD



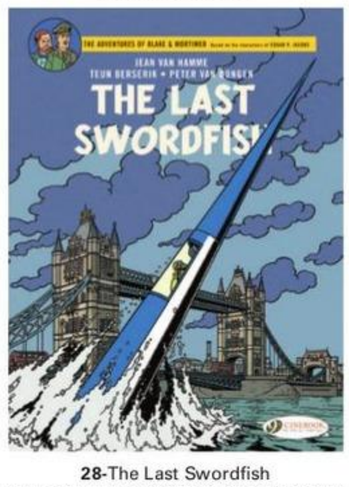
25-The Valley of the Immortals Part 1
SENTE - BERSERIK - VAN DONGEN



26-The Valley of the Immortals Part 2
SENTE - BERSERIK - VAN DONGEN



27-The Call of the Moloch
DUFAUX - CAILLEAUX - SCHRÉDER



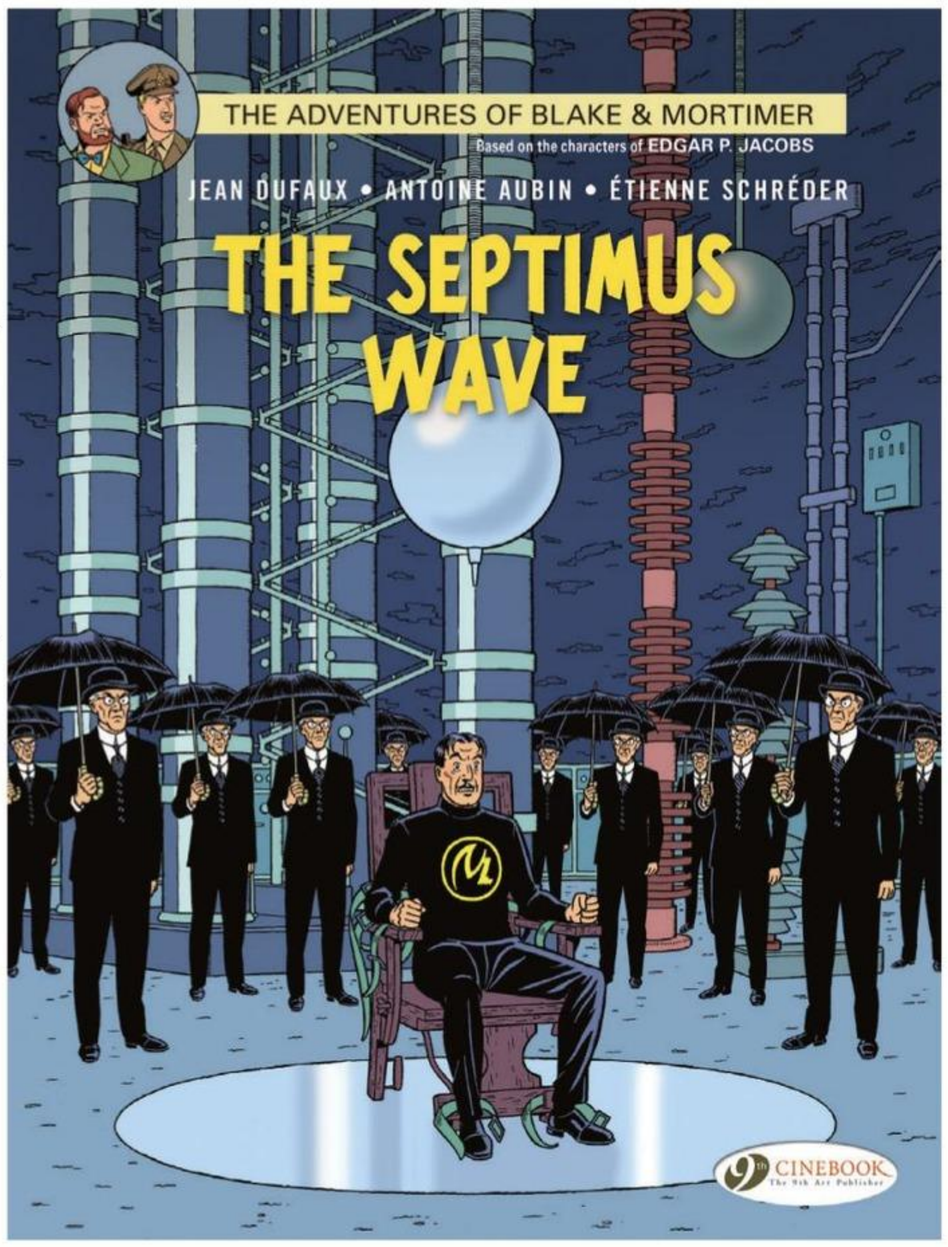
28-The Last Swordfish
VAN HAMME - BERSERIK - VAN DONGEN

29-Eight Hours in Berlin
BOCQUET - FROMENTAL - AUBIN

THE SEPTIMUS WAVE

Jean Dufaux **Antoine Aubin** **Étienne Schréder**

Based on the characters of EDGAR P. JACOBS



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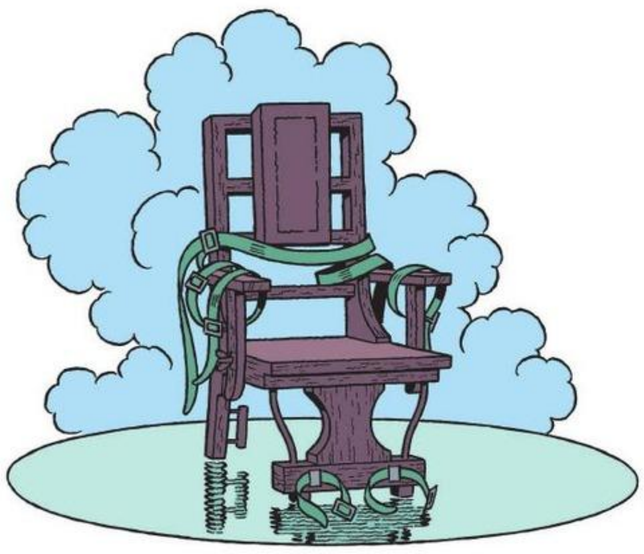
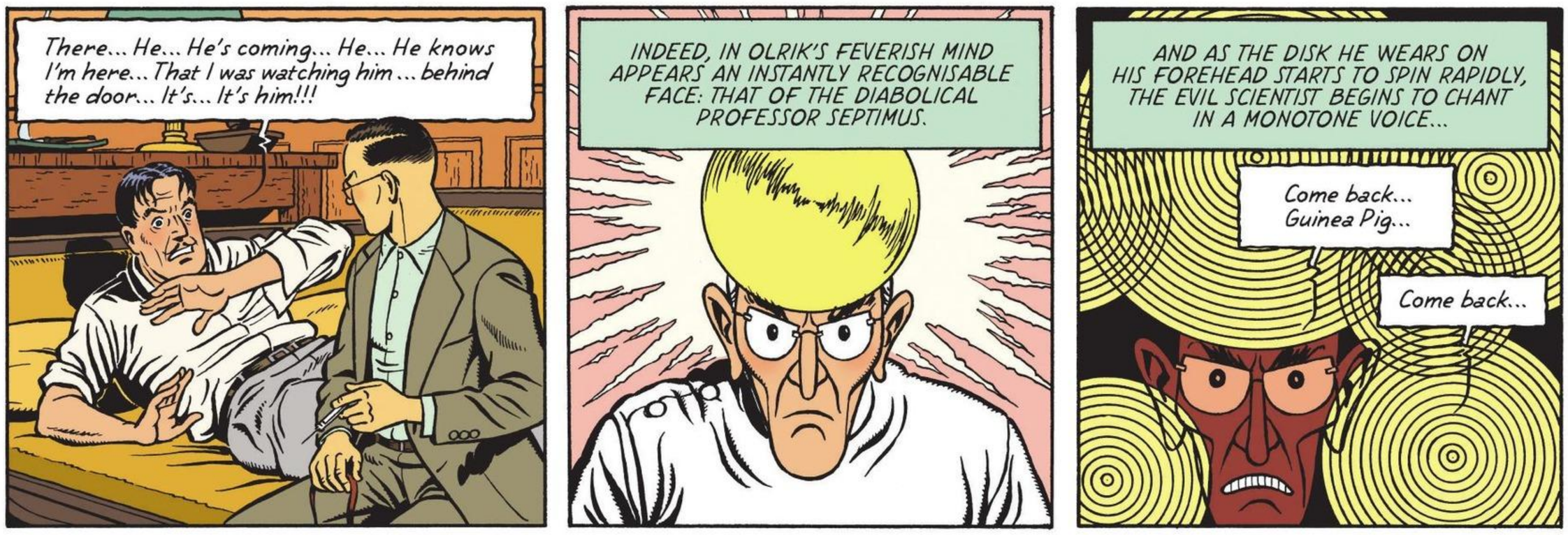
It's been several months since the events of *The Yellow M*, but the evil of Professor Septimus still echoes around London. Important figures of the capital's jet set come together around the questionable values the mad scientist defended. Olrik is forced to resort to opium in order to forget he was *guinea pig*. As for Mortimer, he too is trying, albeit for more humanist reasons, to revive certain aspects of Septimus's work — to Blake's extreme concern…



Jean Dufaux is a noted author who has created many series throughout his long career. Among them: *Murena*, *Lament of the Lost Moors*, and, more recently, *Crusade*. Sometimes called "Jean the Prolific," at ease with practically every style, his most famous heroine remains *Jessica Blandy*. **Antoine Aubin** learnt to read with *Tintin* and worked for publisher Hachette-Disney for many years, before being chosen by Dargaud to take over from René Sterne on *Blake and Mortimer*. **Etienne Shréder** is a veteran artist and colourist in his own right who has worked in comics and cinema and collaborated with many renowned artists.



AS THE SLOW MARCH OF THE LIFE GUARDS RISES IN THE AIR OF A BEAUTIFUL, SUNNY DAY, THE PEOPLE OF LONDON HAVE GATHERED TO WATCH THE TROOPING THE COLOUR, THE YOUNG QUEEN'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY CEREMONY.

BUT ON THE OTHER BANK OF THE THAMES, BEHIND THE STARK FAÇADE OF A SOUTHWARK WAREHOUSE, SOME HAVE CHOSEN SHADOW OVER LIGHT, WHISPERS OVER CHEERS, APOCALYPSE OVER CELEBRATION.

My lady, gentlemen, on this dawn of a new era, I propose a toast.

BUTLER'S WHARF LTD

NO TRESPASSING

LKP 233

To Professor Septimus, our guide.

PRESENT ARE LIEUTENANT MCFARLANE, FORMER OFFICER ATTACHED TO THE OFFICE OF CHARLES GARRISON, COMMISSIONER OF POLICE AND HEAD OF SCOTLAND YARD.

To Septimus!

LADY ROWENA, INCONSOLABLE YOUNG WIDOW, WHOSE SKILL LIES IN SELECTING HEALTHY FORTUNES IN AILING HUSBANDS...

To Septimus!

ALL APPEAR UNITED AROUND A SINGLE OBSESSION, AN IDEA ROOTED IN THE MISTAKES OF THE PAST. FOR THE PAST IS MORE TO THEIR TASTE THAN A PRESENT THEY CONSIDER TOO PUSILLANIMOUS FOR CONCEITED MINDS SUCH AS THEIRS...

And to our Great Work.

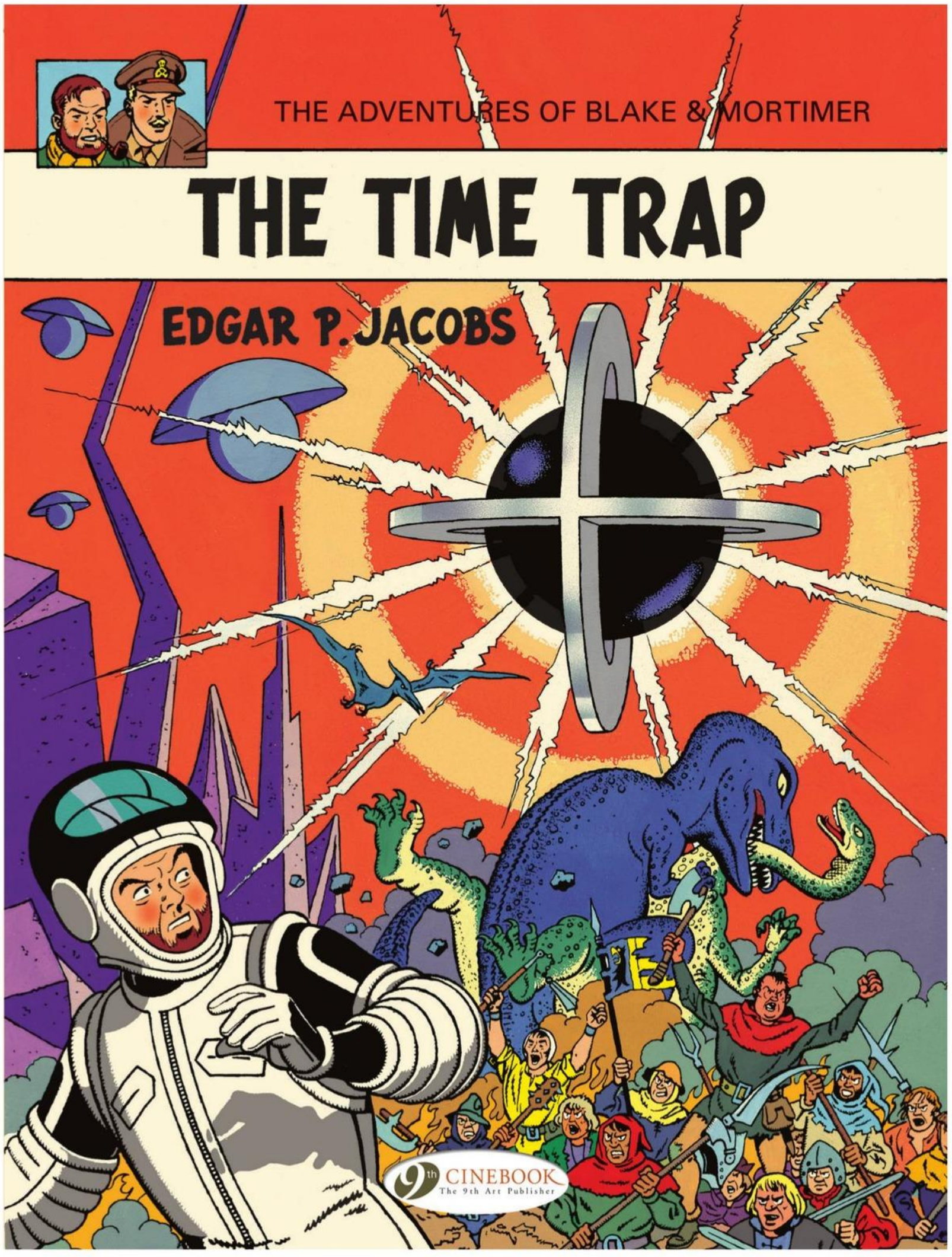
BANKER OSCAR BAILEY, WHO RAISED HIS FORTUNE OVER THE EXPLOITATION OF THE MASSES – AS WELL AS THE TILMANSTONE COAL MINES IN KENT.

To Septimus!

AND PROFESSOR EVANGELY, FIRED FROM THE PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE FOR ENGAGING IN QUESTIONABLE PRACTICES ON CERTAIN PATIENTS SUFFERING FROM MENTAL DISORDERS.

To Jonathan Septimus!

AN ENEMY'S VENGEANCE FROM THE GRAVE
TRAPS MORTIMER OUT OF TIME.



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WHEN THE PROFESSOR COMES TO, HE FEELS COMPELLED TO CURSE HIS OWN RECKLESSNESS!

What a damned fool I am!... And dead or alive, Milosh really pulled it off!... But if he thinks he's letting me rot in here, he's mistaken! In a couple of days Blake will be here and, knowing him, he'll pull this house apart to find me — one stone at a time if need be!... So it's just a question of time and patience.

SOMEWHAT COMFORTED BY THIS TRAIN OF THOUGHT, HE CASTS A SURPRISED GLANCE AROUND AND DISCOVERS A VAST CRYPT. BATHED IN A STRANGE, DIM LIGHT, A MULTITUDE OF MACHINES LIE THERE, SAVAGELY SABOTAGED, STILL LINKED TOGETHER BY A JUMBLE OF WIRES AND CABLES...

?

CAREFULLY, PISTOL IN HAND, MORTIMER STEPS FORWARD AMID THE SHATTERED DEBRIS OF THE STRANGE LABORATORY. BUT SUDDENLY, AS HE REACHES A SORT OF TRANSEPT, HE'S ROOTED TO THE SPOT!...

Oh!

THERE, LIKE A GIANT BALL, A GLISTENING, ALMOST UNREAL DOME RESTS ON A METAL PLATFORM...

I'll be... Was Milosh telling the truth? Could this be...

INTRIGUED BUT CAUTIOUS, MORTIMER APPROACHES THE OBJECT... BUT AS HE SETS FOOT ON THE PLATFORM, THE DOME BURSTS ABRUPTLY, REVEALING A PECULIAR-LOOKING MACHINE... **THE CHRONOSCAPHE!...**

!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, A DEEP, LOUD VOICE — THE VOICE OF THE LATE MILOSH GEORGEVICH — CALLS OUT TO HIM:

Welcome, Professor Mortimer!!

MORTIMER LEAPS TO PUT HIS BACK TO THE WALL, TRYING TO LOCATE THE SPEAKER WHO CONTINUES, UNFAZED...

I'm glad, though hardly surprised, to see that your scientific curiosity was stronger than any caution... Do forgive me for shutting the secret door behind you. It was both a test of your nerves and a necessity. You see, only a man possessed of perfect self-control could safely attempt such a trip. And besides, a secret such as mine — and yours now — can never be sufficiently protected from the curiosity of the layman.

Heavens! I get it... A pre-recorded message on a magnetic tape; I triggered its play-back when I stepped on the platform! Phew! That's better!!!

BUT THE VOICE IS ALREADY SPEAKING AGAIN, IN THE TONES OF A PE INSTRUCTOR ON THE RADIO, WHILE THE SPHERE OPENS SILENTLY, REVEALING A COCKPIT...

That said, in your interest, please follow these instructions step by step... To start with, please put on the special equipment that's on the machine's seat. Without it, you would face certain annihilation...

?

IS IT THE STRANGE LOCATION, THE BIZARRE ATMOSPHERE, THE PERSUASIVE TONE OF THAT VOICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE?... AT ANY RATE, A SEEMINGLY BEWITCHED MORTIMER OBEYS AND, OVERCOMING HIS DISTRUST...

...BEGINS TO PUT ON THE INDICATED SUIT...

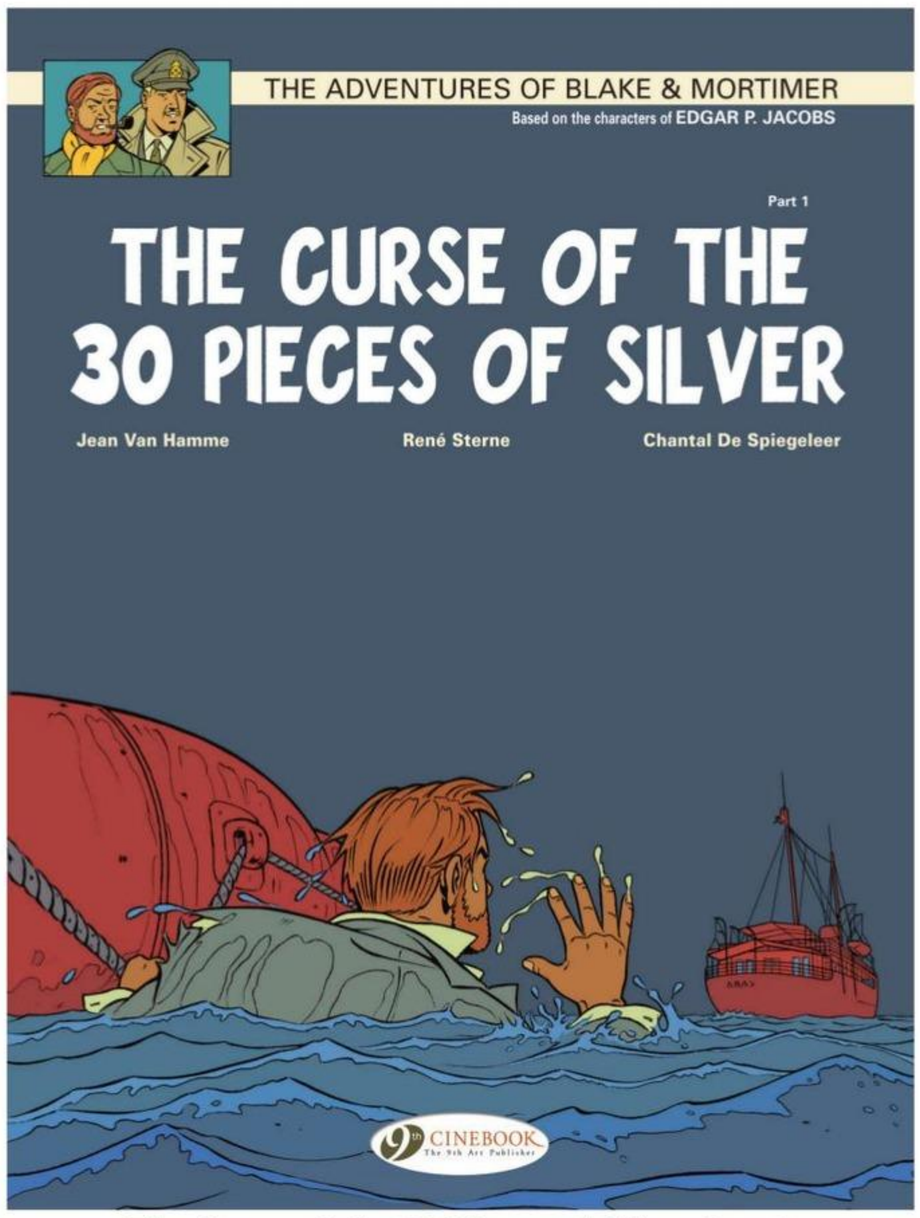
Very good... Very good... Check the seal.

If Blake could see me... But to hell with it — I'll take the risk!

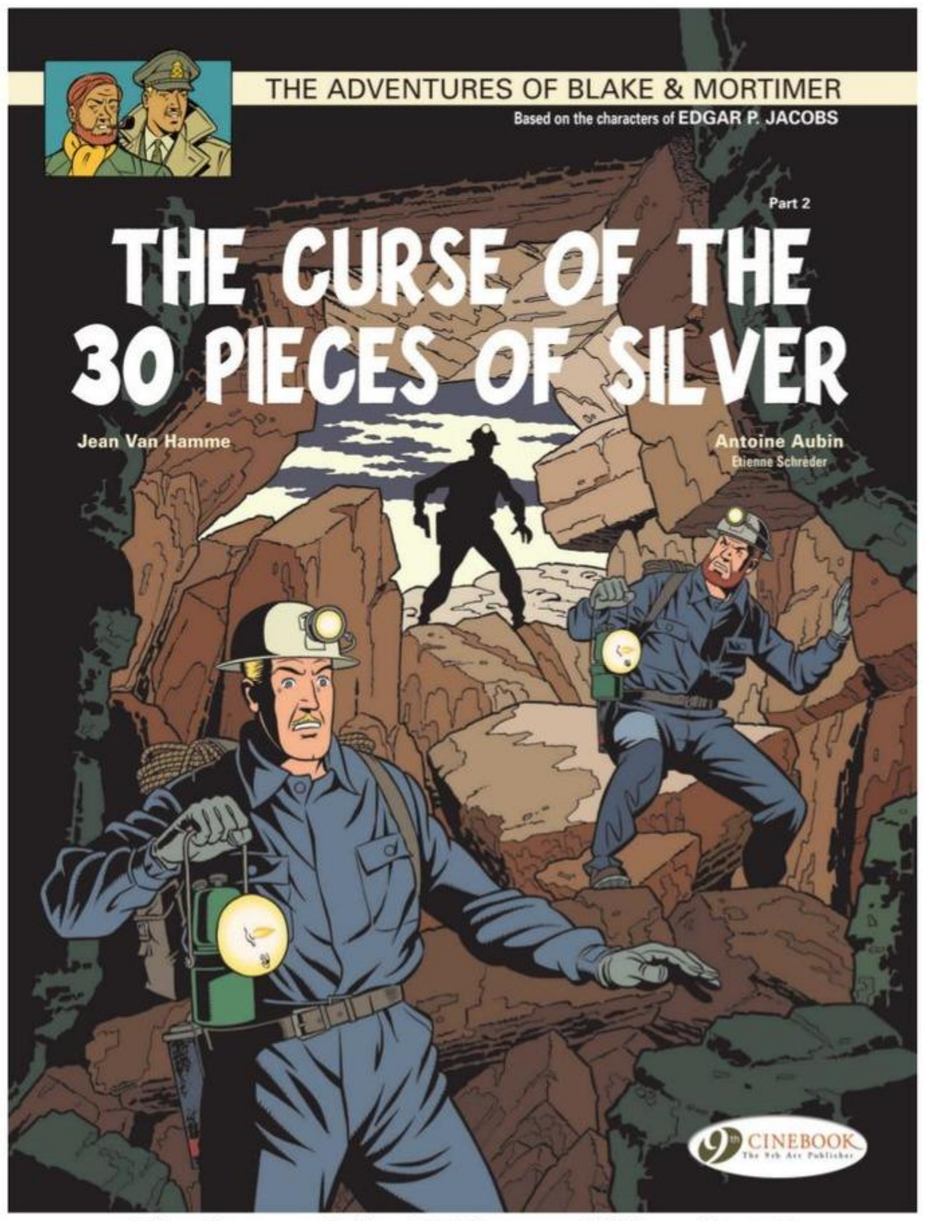
E.P. JACOBS 5

THE CURSE OF THE 30 PIECES OF SILVER

Based on the characters of **EDGAR P. JACOBS**



The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 1



The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver Part 2

FOR BLAKE AND MORTIMER, THE SEARCH FOR JUDAS'S GRAVE LEADS STRAIGHT TO ... HELL!

In Pennsylvania, Olrik escapes a federal prison by helicopter after a bloody attack. With Blake forced to cut short his holidays at the news, a disappointed Mortimer turns his attention to Greece, where an earthquake has uncovered an ancient chapel. Before long, people are trying to kill Mortimer over a mysterious Roman silver coin. Could the long-lost relic be one of the 30 denarii paid to Judas for his betrayal of Jesus? And who exactly covets it so much?

FOLLOWING A RELATIVELY WEAK EARTHQUAKE, A YOUNG GOATHERD DISCOVERED THE RUINS OF A FIFTH-CENTURY CHRISTIAN CHAPEL ON THE MANI PENINSULA, THE SOUTHERNMOST PART OF THE PELOPONNESE.

?

INSIDE, IN ADDITION TO SOME MARVELLOUS FRESCOES, WAS A MANUSCRIPT FROM ONE NICODEMUS. WRITTEN IN ARAMAIC ON LEATHER SCROLLS, IT TOLD THE STORY OF A SMALL CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION'S FLIGHT AFTER THE BURNING OF ROME IN 64 AD, AND OF HOW ITS MEMBERS SETTLED ON ONE OF THE GREEK ISLANDS.

THERE WAS ALSO, WITHIN A LEAD RELIQUARY, A SILVER COIN BEARING THE PORTRAIT OF EMPEROR TIBERIUS. ACCORDING TO NICODEMUS'S WRITINGS, IT WAS ONE OF THE 30 DENARII GIVEN TO JUDAS ISCARIOT BY THE PRIESTS OF THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON FOR HANDING JESUS OVER TO THE ROMANS.

STILL ACCORDING TO THE MANUSCRIPT, THE RENEGADE APOSTLE'S ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE HAD FAILED AND, AFTER WANDERING FOR A LONG TIME, HE HAD COME TO SPEND HIS LAST DAYS AMONG NICODEMUS'S COMMUNITY. HE WAS THEN BURIED IN AN UNKNOWN LOCATION WITH HIS REMAINING 29 PIECES OF SILVER.

DR MARKOPOULOS, CHIEF CURATOR OF THE NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF ATHENS, AND HIS ASSISTANT AND NIECE ELENI, CALLED UPON PHILIP MORTIMER– WHOSE REPUTATION AS AN AMATEUR ARCHAEOLOGIST EXTENDS WELL BEYOND THE BORDERS OF GREAT-BRITAIN–TO HELP THEM SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

MEANWHILE, IN THE UNITED STATES, A MYSTERIOUS HELICOPTER-BORNE COMMANDO GROUP BROKE "COLONEL" OLRIK OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY WHERE HE'D BEEN SERVING HIS TIME SINCE THE BUSINESS WITH THE LOS ALAMOS ATOMIC BOMBS*. THE ASSISTANCE OF CAPTAIN FRANCIS BLAKE, COMMANDER OF MI5, WAS REQUESTED BY HIS OLD FRIEND JOHN CALLOWAY, HEAD OF THE FBI'S OPERATIONS DEPARTMENT IN WASHINGTON.

BUT OLRIK WAS ALREADY FAR AWAY, SAILING THE ATLANTIC ON BOARD THE ARAX. THE YACHT BELONGED TO BELOS BELUKIAN, A FABULOUSLY WEALTHY ARMENIAN BUSINESS-MAN WHO'D HAD OLRIK FREED IN ORDER TO RECRUIT HIM. BELUKIAN WAS, IN FACT, COUNT RAINER VON STAHL, A FORMER SS OFFICER WHO VANISHED DURING THE COLLAPSE OF NAZI GERMANY IN 1945–AFTER APPROPRIATING THE NAZI WAR TREASURE THAT ADOLF HITLER HAD ORDERED HIM TO HIDE IN AUSTRIA.

VON STAHL'S GOAL WAS TO BE THE FIRST TO FIND JUDAS'S GRAVE AND TAKE THE 30 PIECES OF SILVER FOR HIMSELF. HE BELIEVED THEY WERE FILLED WITH AN EVIL POWER THAT WOULD ALLOW HIM TO RULE OVER THE WORLD. DESPITE A CERTAIN SCEPTICISM, OLRIK AGREED TO ENTER HIS SERVICE, AS MUCH OUT OF GREED AS BECAUSE THE PROSPECT OF ONCE AGAIN FACING HIS OLD ENEMY MORTIMER APPEALED TO HIM.

*SEE THE STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

Edgard Félix Pierre Jacobs (1904–1987), better known under his pen name Edgar P. Jacobs, was a comic book creator (writer and artist), born in Brussels, Belgium. It has been said of Jacobs that he didn't remember a time when he hadn't drawn.

Jacobs assisted fellow Belgian Hergé (Georges Prosper Remi) in the recasting of Hergé's *Tintin in the Congo, Tintin in America, King Ottokar's Sceptre* and *The Blue Lotus* for book publication. He also contributed directly to both the drawing and storylines for the Tintin double-albums *The Secret of the Unicorn/Red Rackham's Treasure* and *The Seven Crystal Balls/Prisoners of the Sun*.

When the comics magazine Tintin was launched on 26th September 1946, it included Jacobs' story *Le secret de l'Espadon* (*The Secret of the Swordfish*). This story would be the first in the Blake and Mortimer series.

The characters of Captain Francis Blake, dashing head of MI5, his friend Professor Philip Mortimer, a nuclear physicist, and their sworn enemy Colonel Olrik became legendary heroes of the 9th art in the long-running series.

After Jacobs' death in 1987, Bob de Moor completed his unfinished last story. In the mid-1990s, the series was continued by the Jacobs Studios with new teams of writers and artists.

ORIGINAL FRENCH EDITION		
1	1950	Le secret de l'Espadon, T1
2	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T2
3	1953	Le secret de l'Espadon, T3
4	1954	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T1
5	1955	Le mystère de la Grande Pyramide, T2
6	1956	La marque Jaune
7	1957	L'énigme de l'Atlantide
8	1959	S.O.S. Météores
9	1962	Le piège diabolique
10	1967	L'affaire du collier
11	1971	Les trois formules du professeur Satō, T1
12	1990	Les trois formules du professeur Satō, T2 (Jacobs/De Moor)
13	1996	L'affaire Francis Blake (Van Hamme/Benoit)
14	2000	La machination Voronov (Sente/Juillard)
15	2001	L'étrange rendez-vous (Van Hamme/Benoit)
16	2003	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T1 (Sente/Juillard)
17	2004	Les sarcophages du Sixième Continent, T2 (Sente/Juillard)
18	2008	Le sanctuaire du Gondwana (Sente/Juillard)
19	2009	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T1 (Van Hamme/Sterne/De Spiegeleer)
20	2010	La malédiction des 30 deniers, T2 (Van Hamme/Aubin)
21	2012	Le serment des cinq Lords (Sente/Juillard)
22	2013	L'onde Septimus (Dufaux/Aubin/Schréder)
23	2014	Le bâton de Plutarque (Sente/Juillard)
24	2016	Le Testament de William S. (Sente/Juillard)
25	2018	La Vallée des Immortels, T1 (Sente/Berserik/ Van Dongen)
26	2019	La Vallée des Immortels, T2 (Sente/Berserik/ Van Dongen)
27	2020	Le cri du Moloch (Dufaux/Cailleaux/ Schréder)
28	2021	Le Dernier Espadon (Van Hamme/Berserik/ Van Dongen)
29	2022	Huit heures à Berlin (Bocquet/Fromental/Aubin)

CINEBOOK EDITION		
15	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 1
16	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 2
17	2013	The Secret of the Swordfish, Part 3
2	2007	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 1
3	2008	The Mystery of the Great Pyramid, Part 2
1	2007	The Yellow "M"
12	2012	Atlantis Mystery
6	2009	S.O.S. Meteors
19	2014	The Time Trap
7	2010	The Affair of the Necklace
22	2016	Professor Satōs Three Formulae, Part 1
23	2016	Professor Satōs Three Formulae, Part 2
4	2008	The Francis Blake Affair
8	2010	The Voronov Plot
5	2009	The Strange Encounter
9	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 1
10	2011	The Sarcophagi of the Sixth Continent, Part 2
11	2011	The Gondwana Shrine
13	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 1
14	2012	The Curse of the 30 Pieces of Silver, Part 2
18	2014	The Oath of the Five Lords
20	2015	The Septimus Wave
21	2015	Plutarch's Staff
24	2016	The Testament of William S.
25	2018	The Valley of the Immortals, Part 1
26	2019	The Valley of the Immortals, Part 2
27	2020	The Call of the Moloch
28	2021	The Last Swordfish
29	2022	Eight Hours in Berlin